

STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

THE CRIME CLINIC

ANC

No. 11
SEPT.-OCT.

10c



The Strange Case Of
The
DUMMY KILLER



Crooks Are No Heroes
**BIG BROTHER'S
HEARTBREAK**

A Dr. Rogers' Story
**MURDERER'S
NIGHTMARE**



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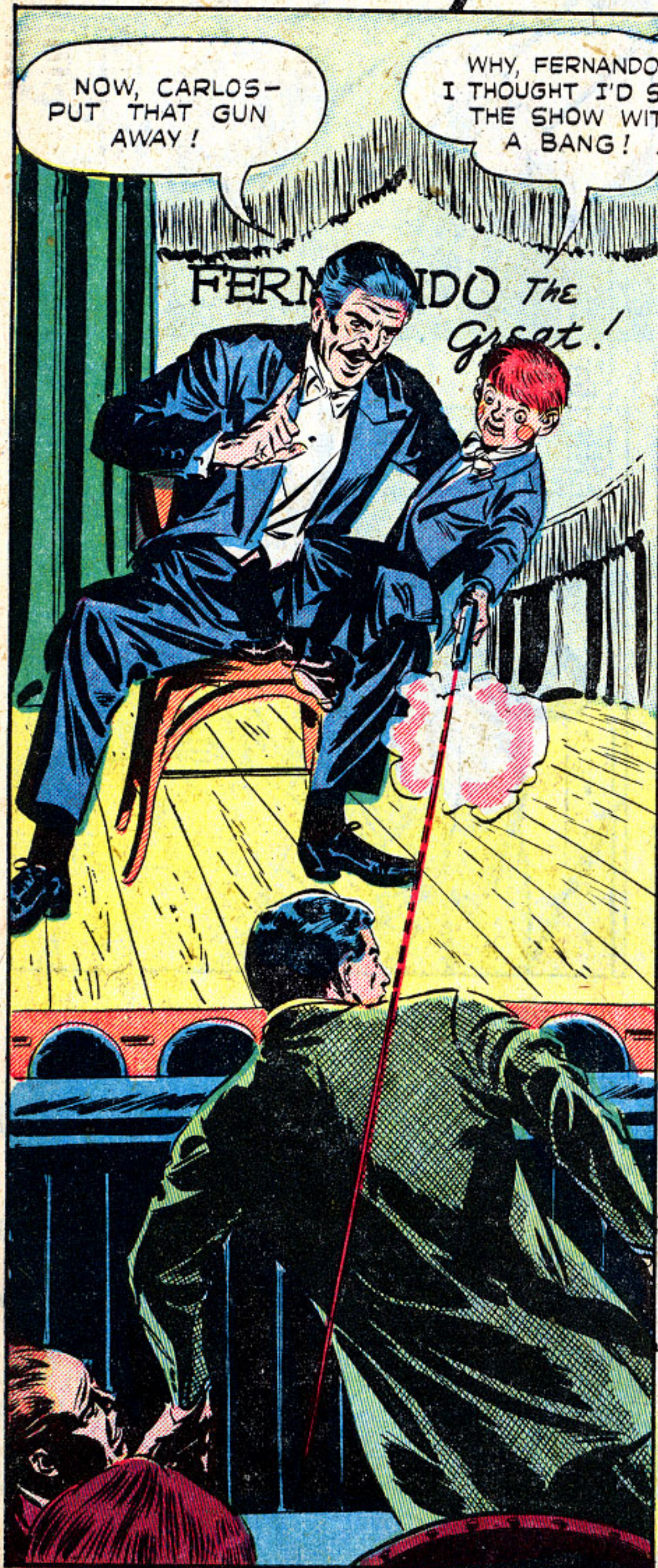
IT'S A CRIME !



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THE CRIME CLINIC

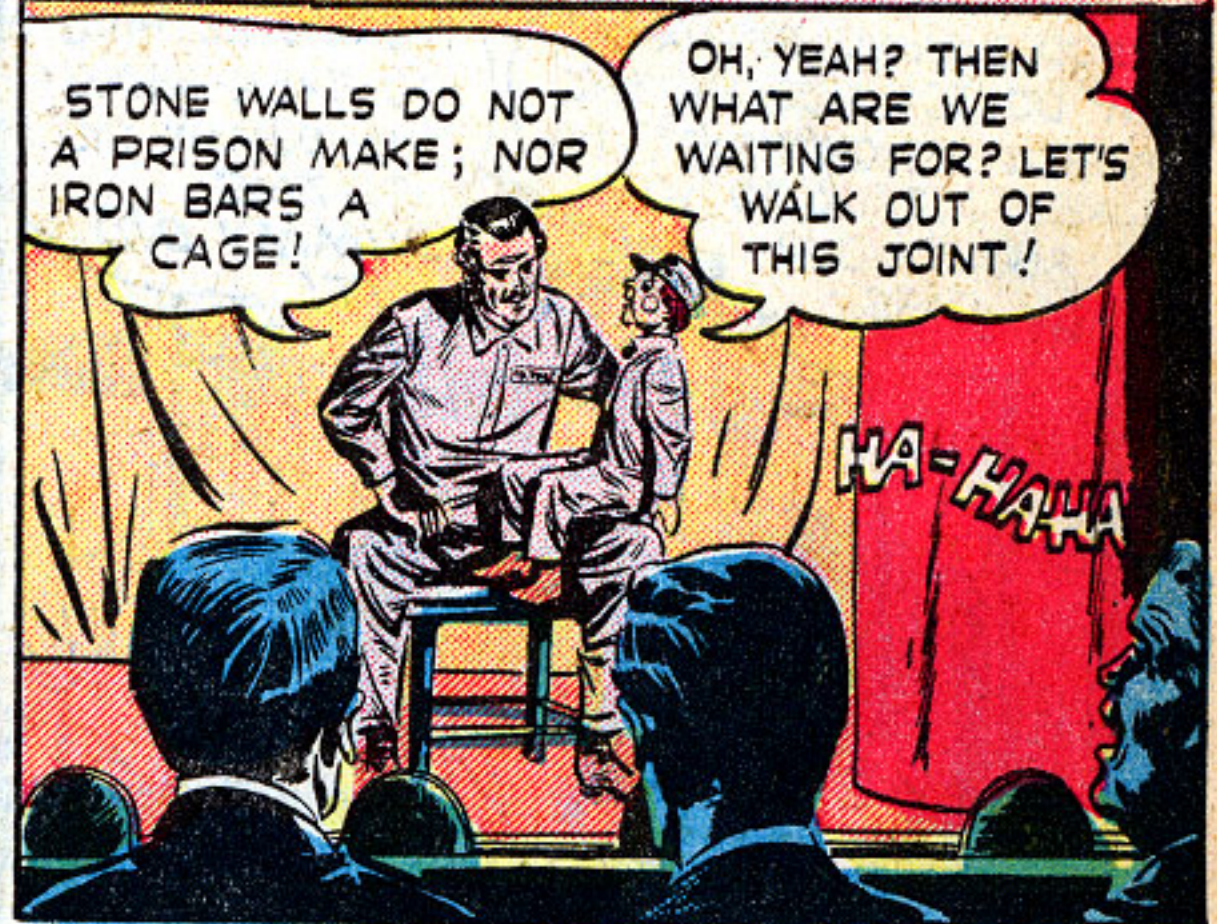
Starring DR. TOM ROGERS



TWO WERE DEAD, AND MORE WERE MARKED FOR DEATH! WHAT WAS THE SILENT MENACE LURKING BACK-STAGE AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE? WAS FERNANDO THE GREAT A GHOUL OR A SAINT? IN THIS STRANGEST CASE OF MY CAREER, I WENT GUNNING FOR THE ANSWERS, MATCHING WITS WITH **"THE DUMMY KILLER!"**



"ONE EVENING, WARDEN SIMMS INVITED ME TO ATTEND A STAGE SHOW PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF STATE PRISON."



"AFTER THE SHOW I ACCOMPANIED WARDEN SIMMS TO HIS OFFICE."



FERNANDO STILL SAYS HE DIDN'T DO IT. HE INSISTS HIS **DUMMY** COMMITTED THE MURDER!

WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT HE SAYS! THEY GAVE FERNANDO A COMPLETE MENTAL EXAMINATION, AND THE DOCTORS SAID HE WAS SANE.

THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE, WARDEN! Hmm...IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO FERNANDO.



"THE MERE MENTION OF HIS CRIME WAS ENOUGH TO SEND FERNANDO INTO A TANTRUM."

GOOD EVENING, FERNANDO, I'M DOCTOR ROGERS, THE PRISON PSYCHIATRIST. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR CASE.

THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT! THE DUMMY DID IT! **THE DUMMY DID IT!**

"LATER..."

DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED, FERNANDO?

I'VE TOLD THEM OVER AND OVER, IN COURT AND OUT. BUT NOBODY BELIEVES ME. WE WERE PLAYING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE IN EVARTSVILLE. IT ALL STARTED WHEN CARLOS, MY DUMMY, AN I---

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"WE WERE READY TO GO ON STAGE, WHEN..."

CARLOS - WAS SITTING IN THAT CHAIR. SOMEBODY'S TAKEN HIM!

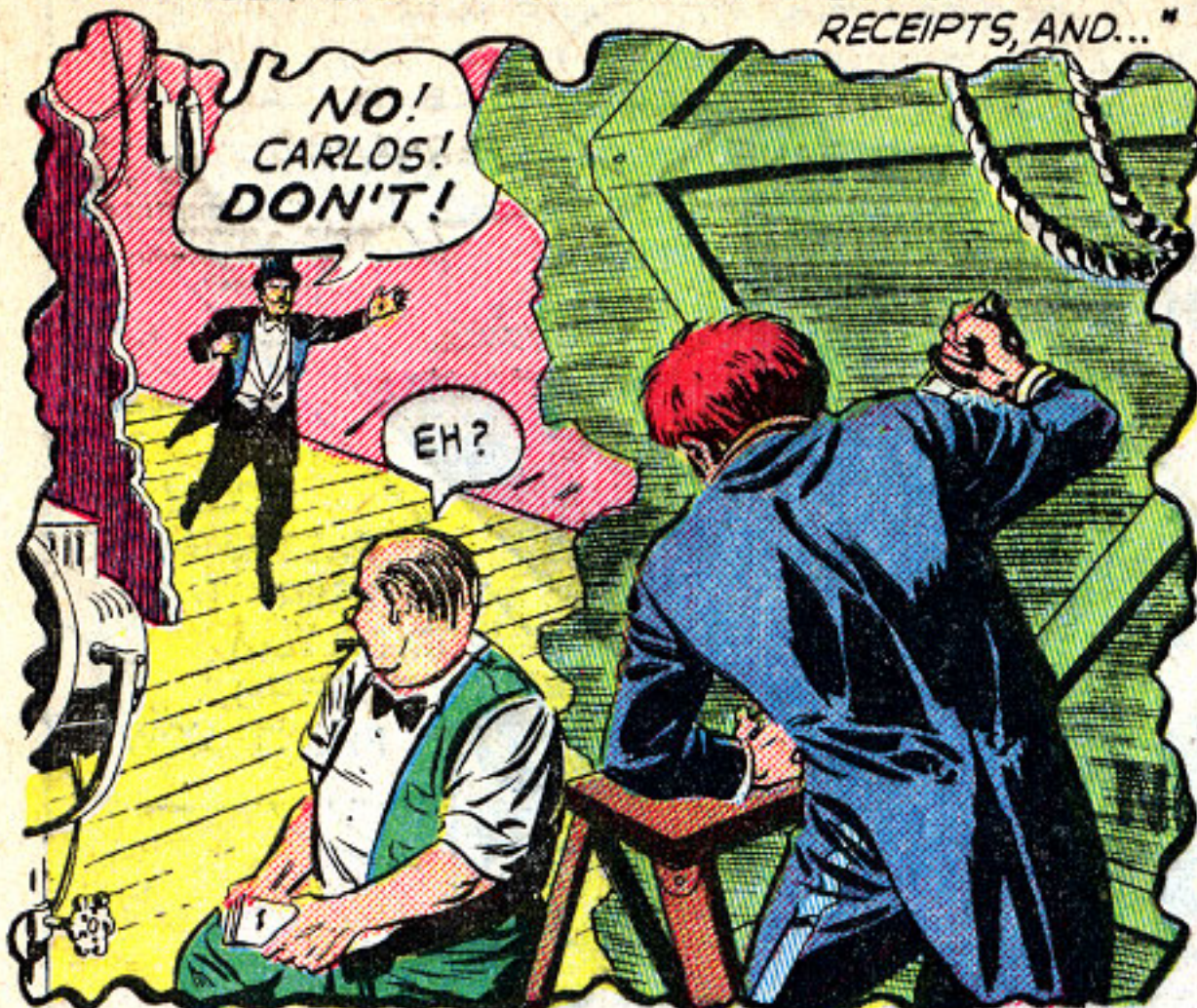
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FERNANDO AND **CARLOS THE D**

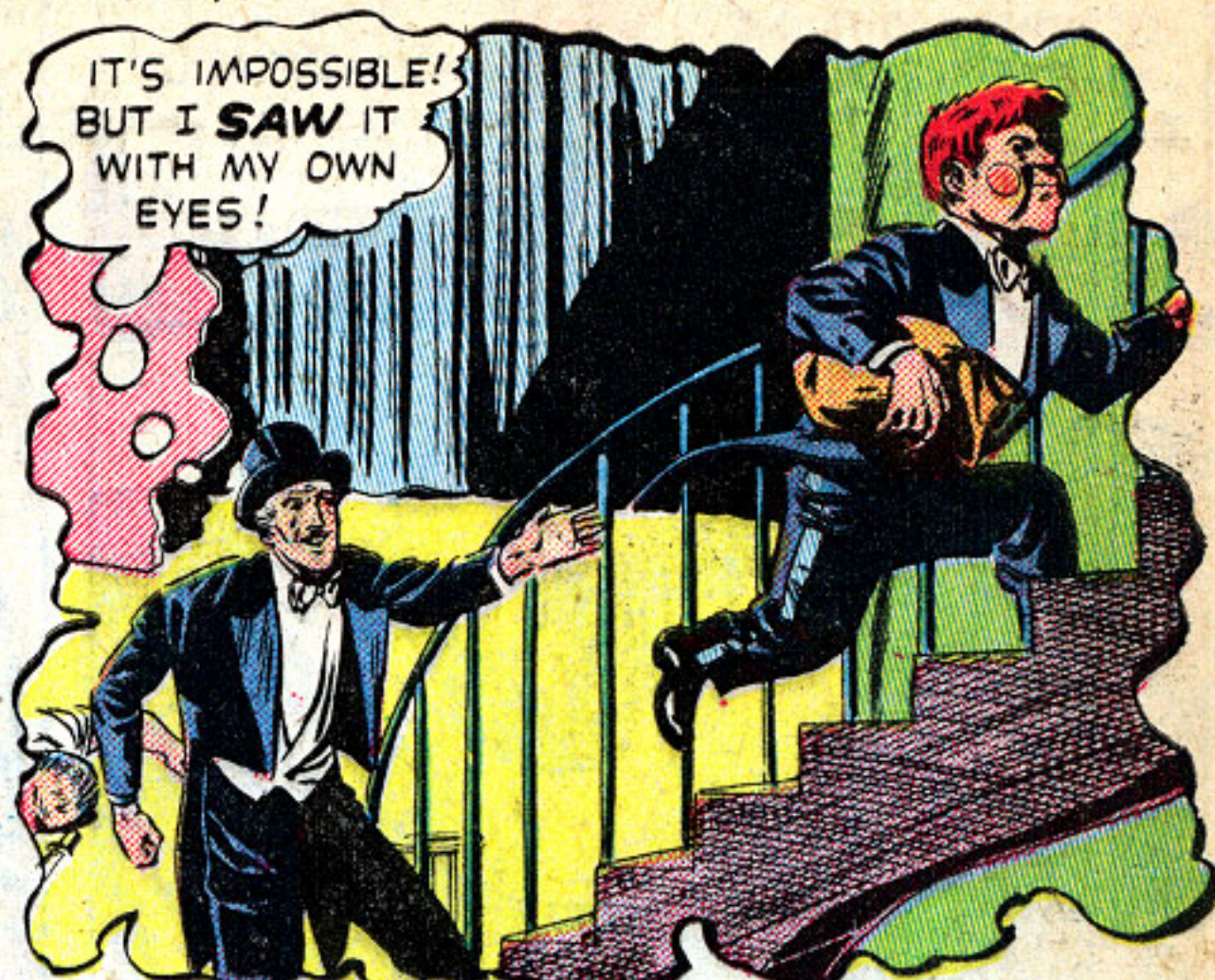
"AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS A PRACTICAL JOKE AND I BEGAN TO LOOK FOR HIM. THEN TO MY HORROR I SAW..."

CARLOS! HE'S GOT A KNIFE! IT LOOKS LIKE MY KNIFE, FROM MY TRUNK!

"BEFORE I COULD REACH CARLOS, THE THEATRE MANAGER CAME PAST WITH THE BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS, AND..."



"CARLOS KILLED HIM, AND RAN OFF WITH THE MONEY!"



MISSED HIM!
HE MUST HAVE
PLANNED THIS!

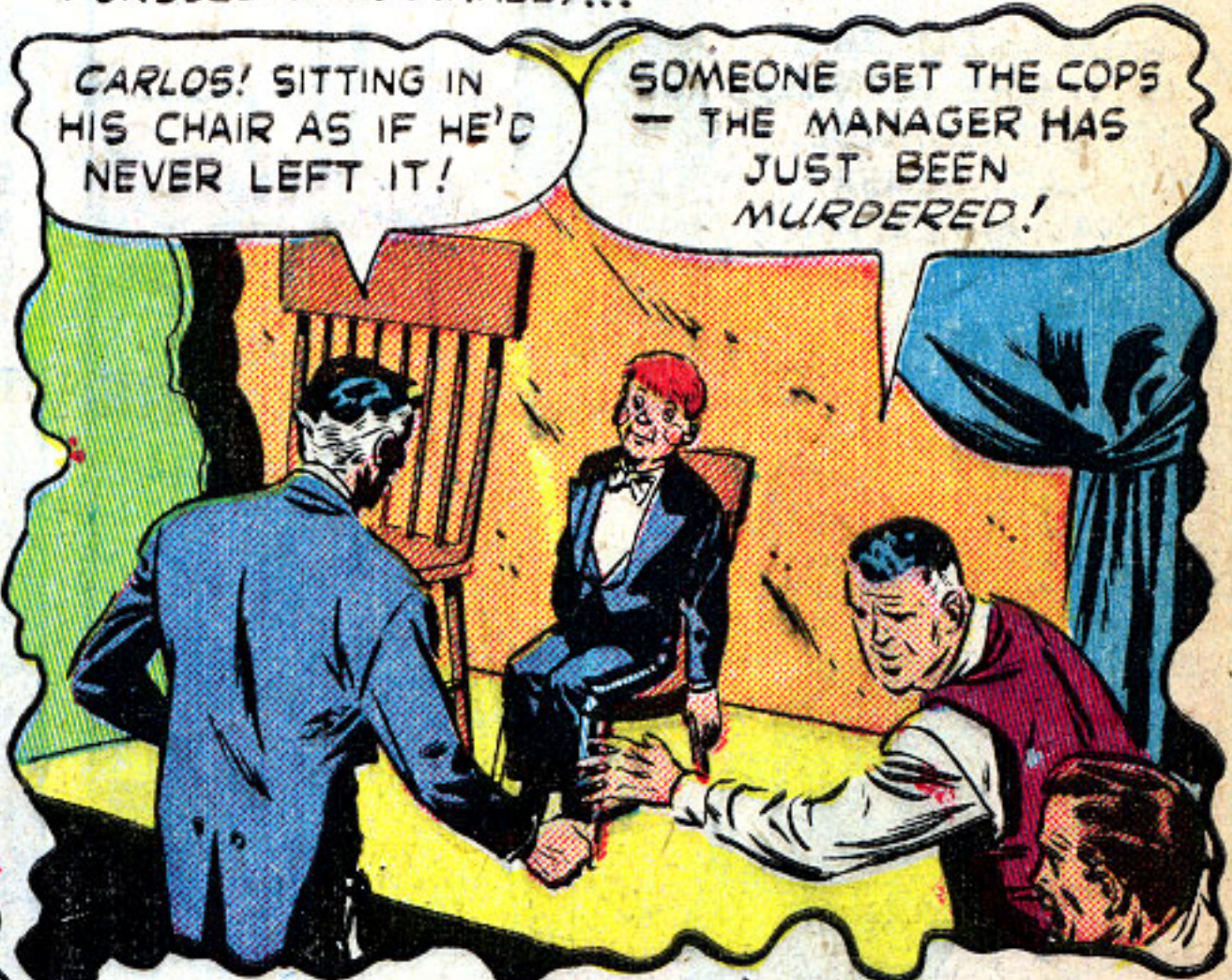
WHAT AM I TALKING
ABOUT? HOW COULD A
DUMMY PLAN
ANYTHING?



"THE DUMMY DROPPED OFF THE ROPE AND DIS-
APPEARED INTO THE BACKSTAGE SHADOWS. I
PURSUED HIM. FINALLY..."

CARLOS! SITTING IN
HIS CHAIR AS IF HE'D
NEVER LEFT IT!

SOMEONE GET THE COPS
— THE MANAGER HAS
JUST BEEN
MURDERED!



THAT'S MY STORY, AND YOU DON'T BELIEVE
IT, DO YOU, DOCTOR? NOBODY BELIEVES ME
BECAUSE IT WAS MY KNIFE—AND THEY FOUND
THE MONEY BAG IN MY DRESSING
ROOM! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT.
THE DUMMY DID IT.
I SAW HIM!



"AFTER HEARING FERNANDO'S STORY I RE-
TURNED TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE."

WELL, DOC, DID YOU
CONVINCE FERNANDO
HE CAN'T GET OUT
OF PRISON BY
FAKING INSANITY?

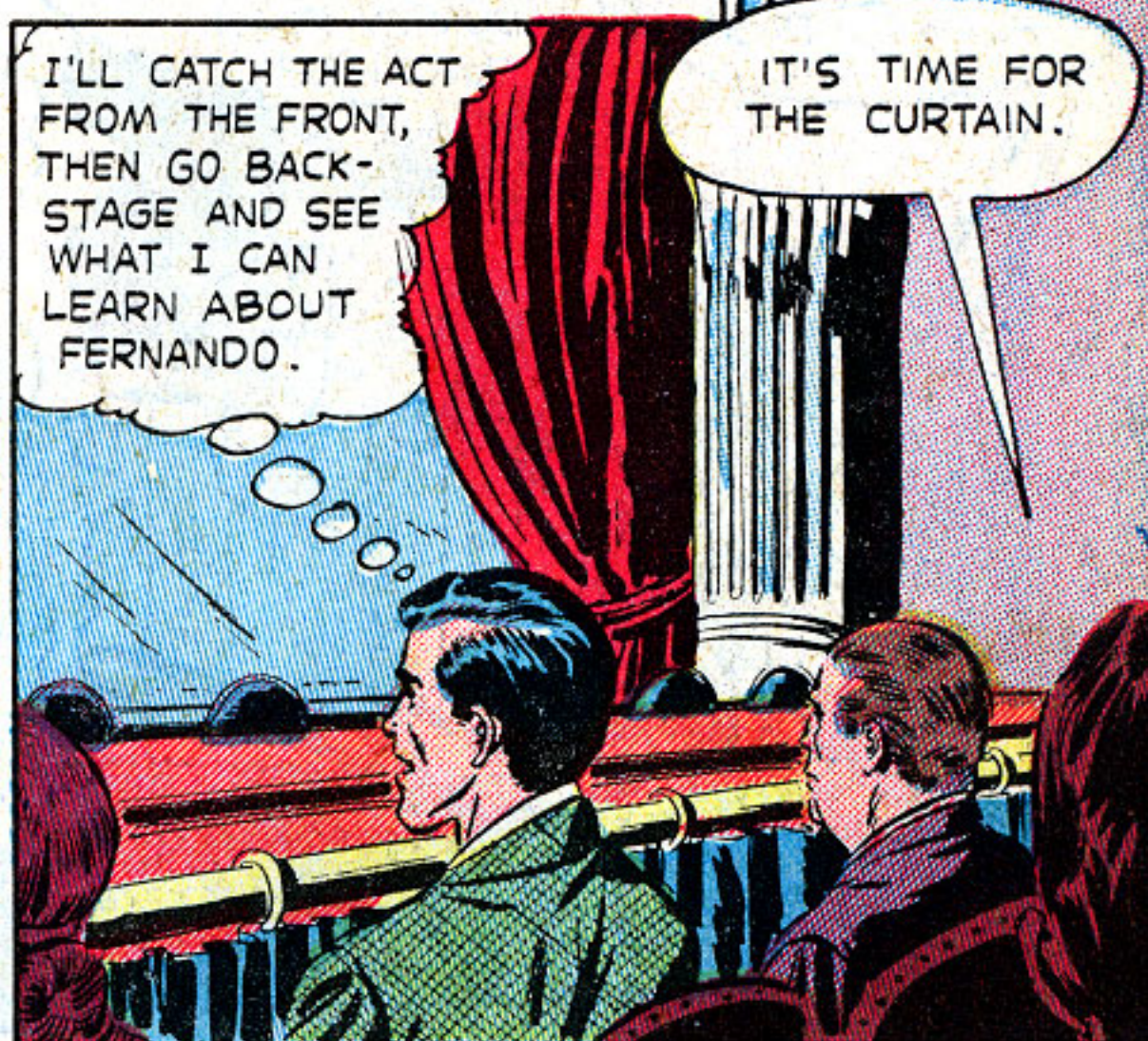
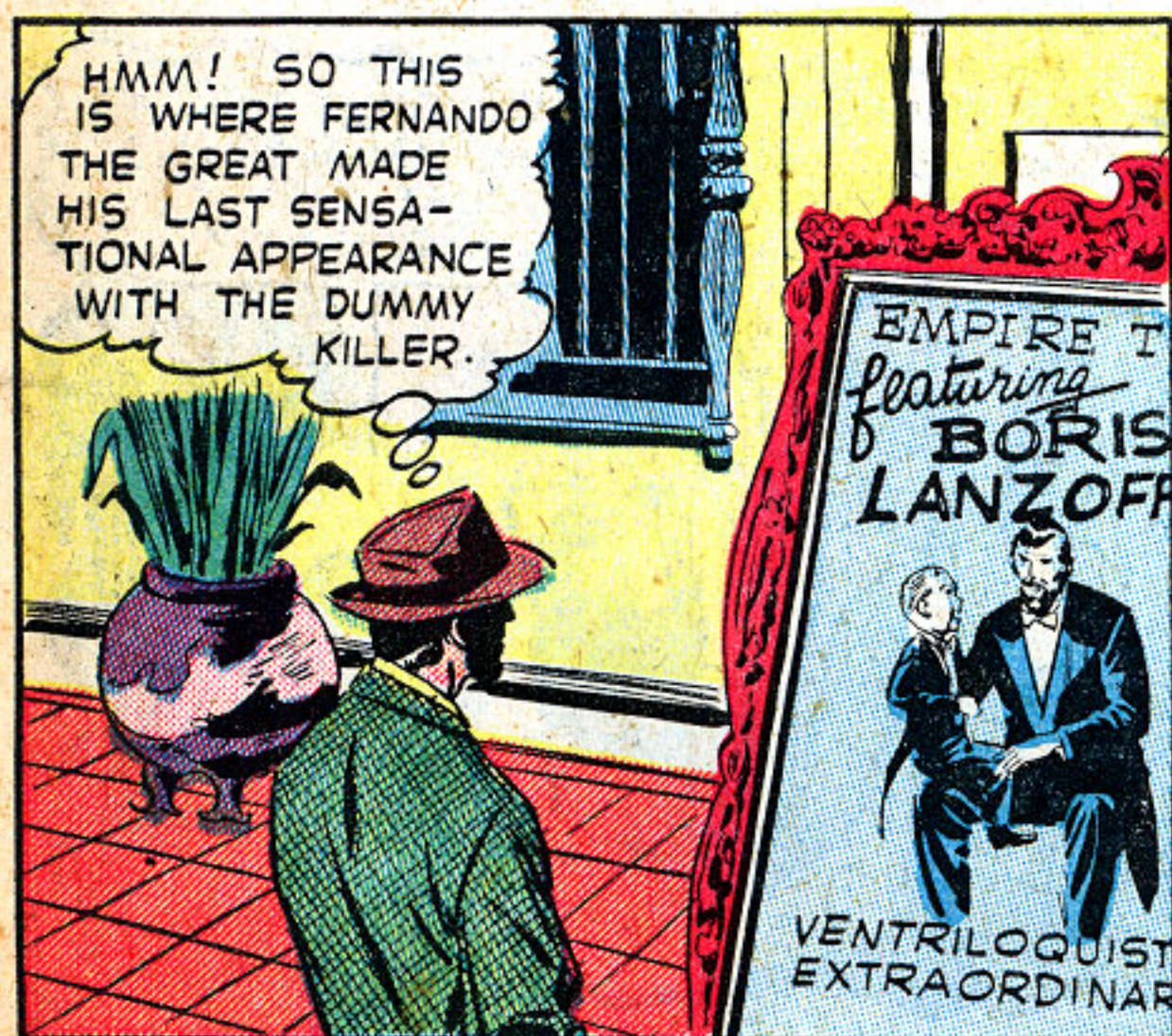
HOLD IT, WARDEN!
GOT A SURPRISE
FOR YOU!



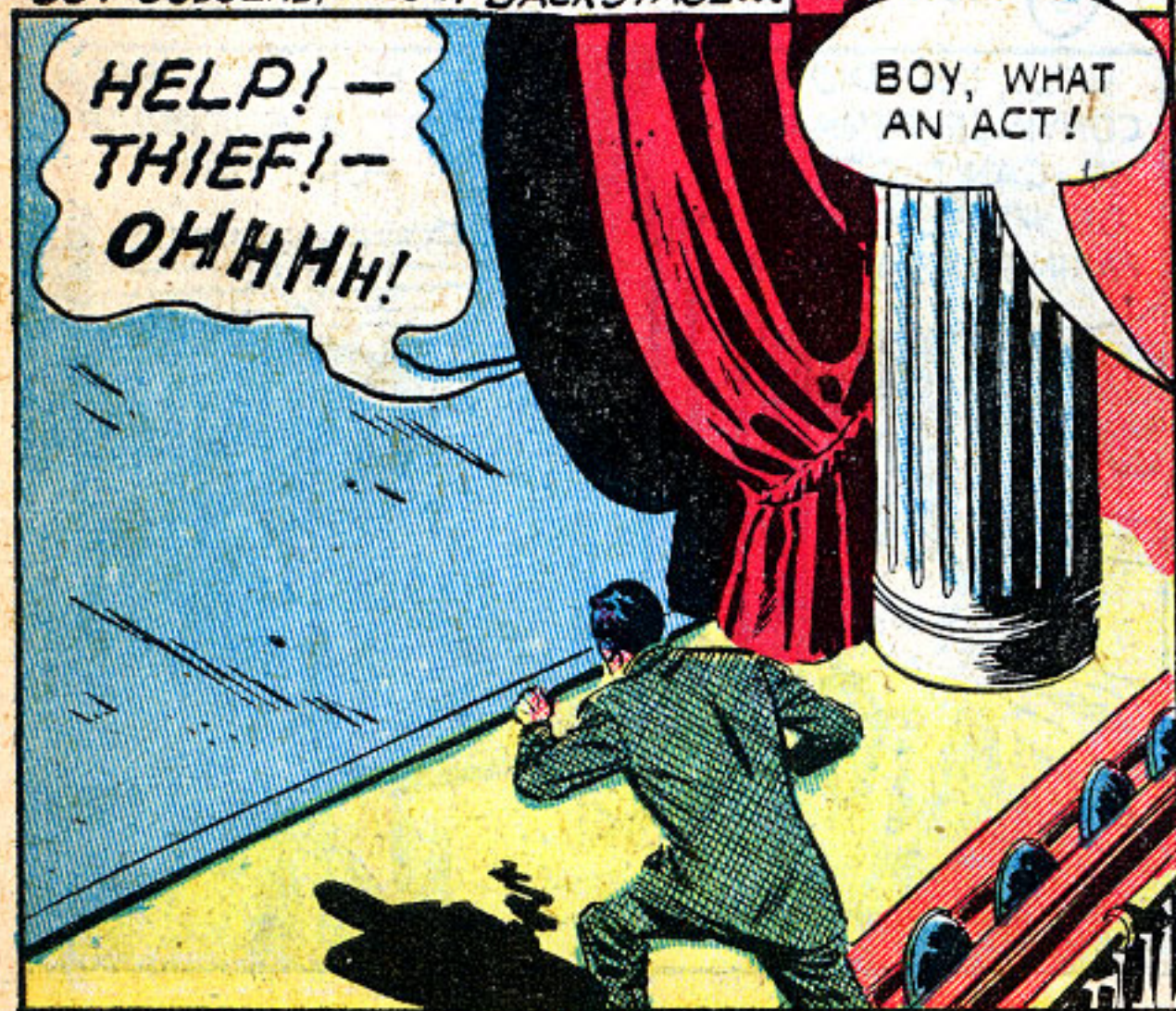


"AND ON MAY 13TH, WHICH, INCIDENTLY, TURNED OUT TO BE ON A FRIDAY..."

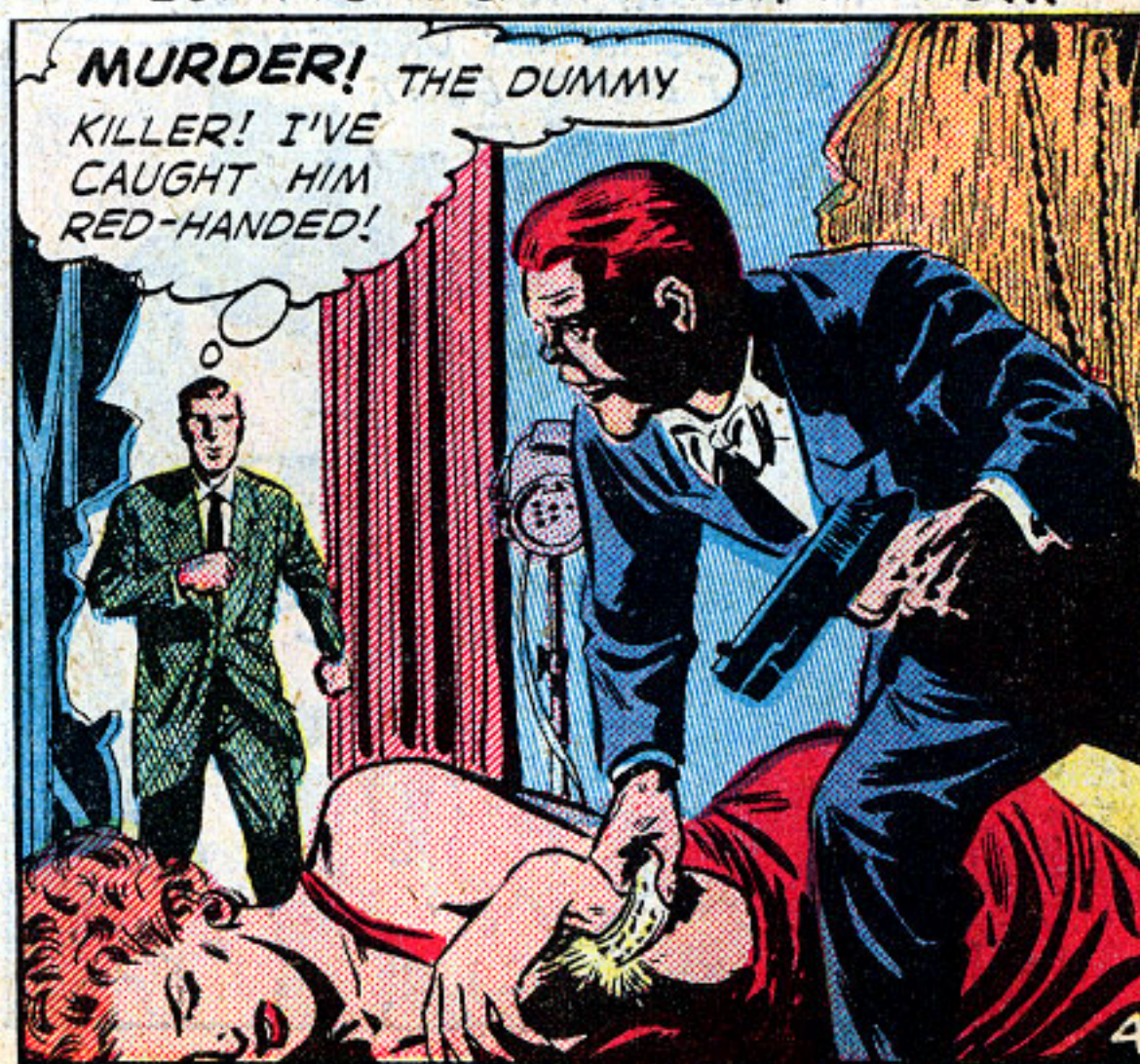
"TEN MINUTES LATER..."

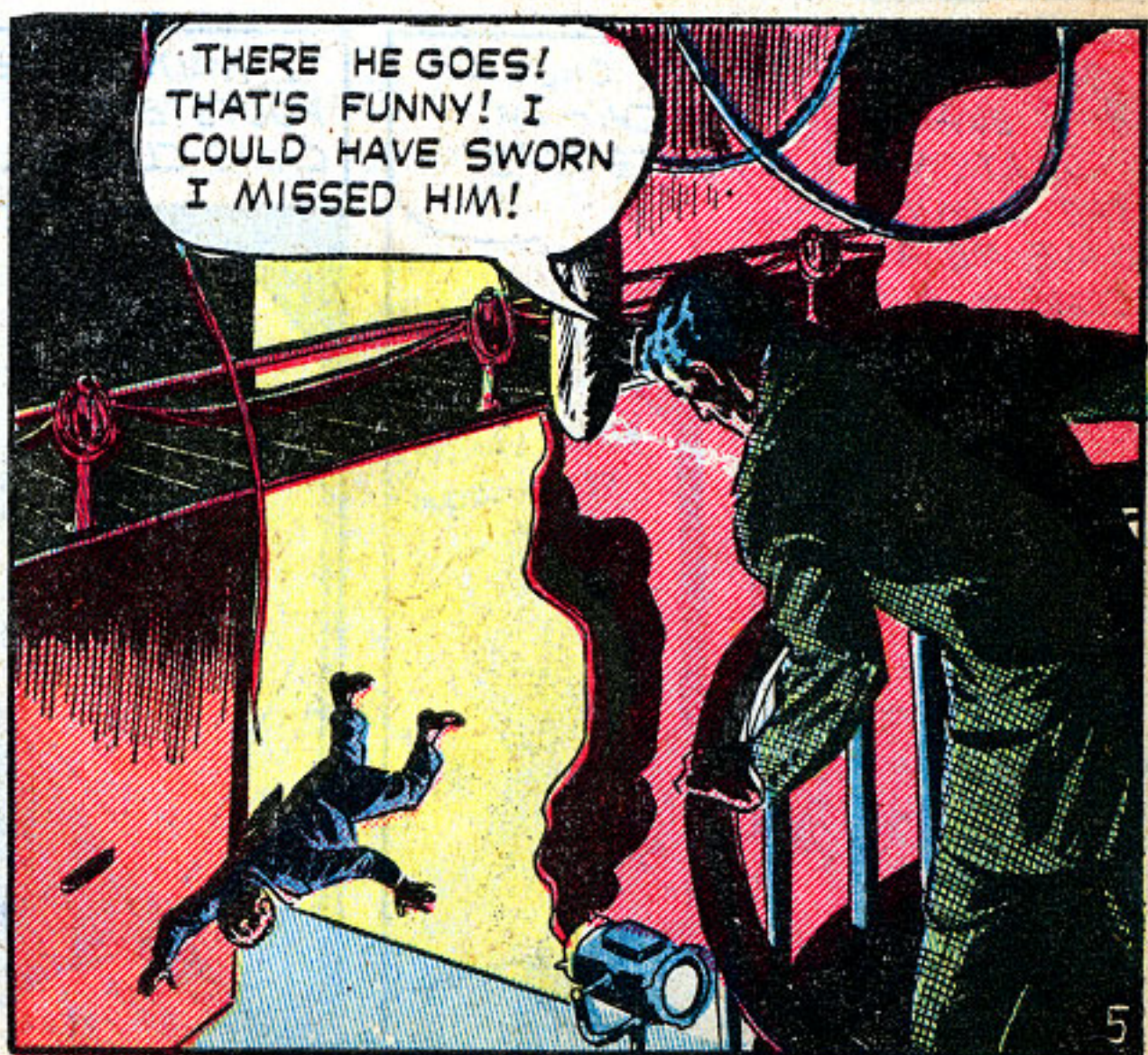
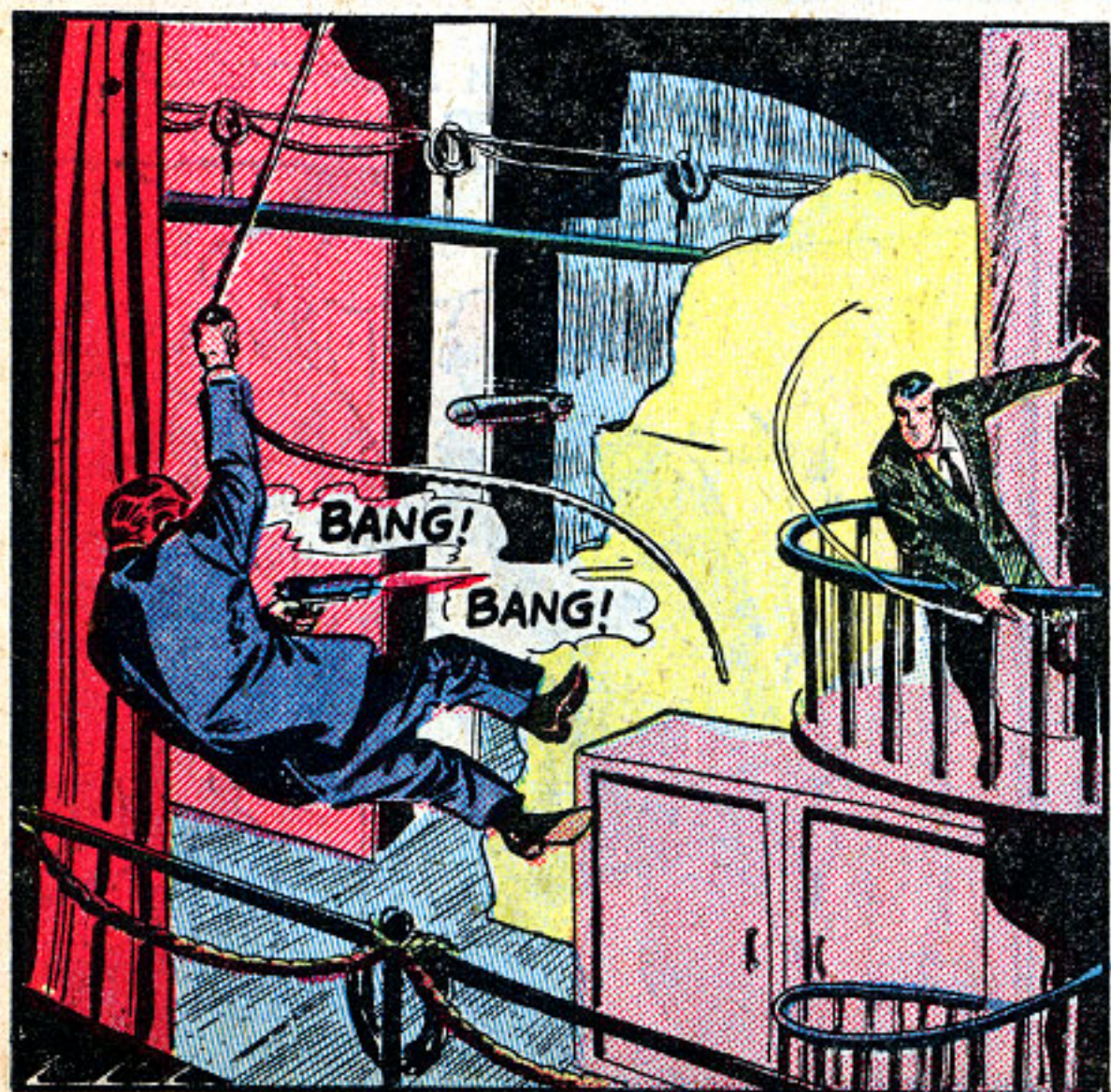
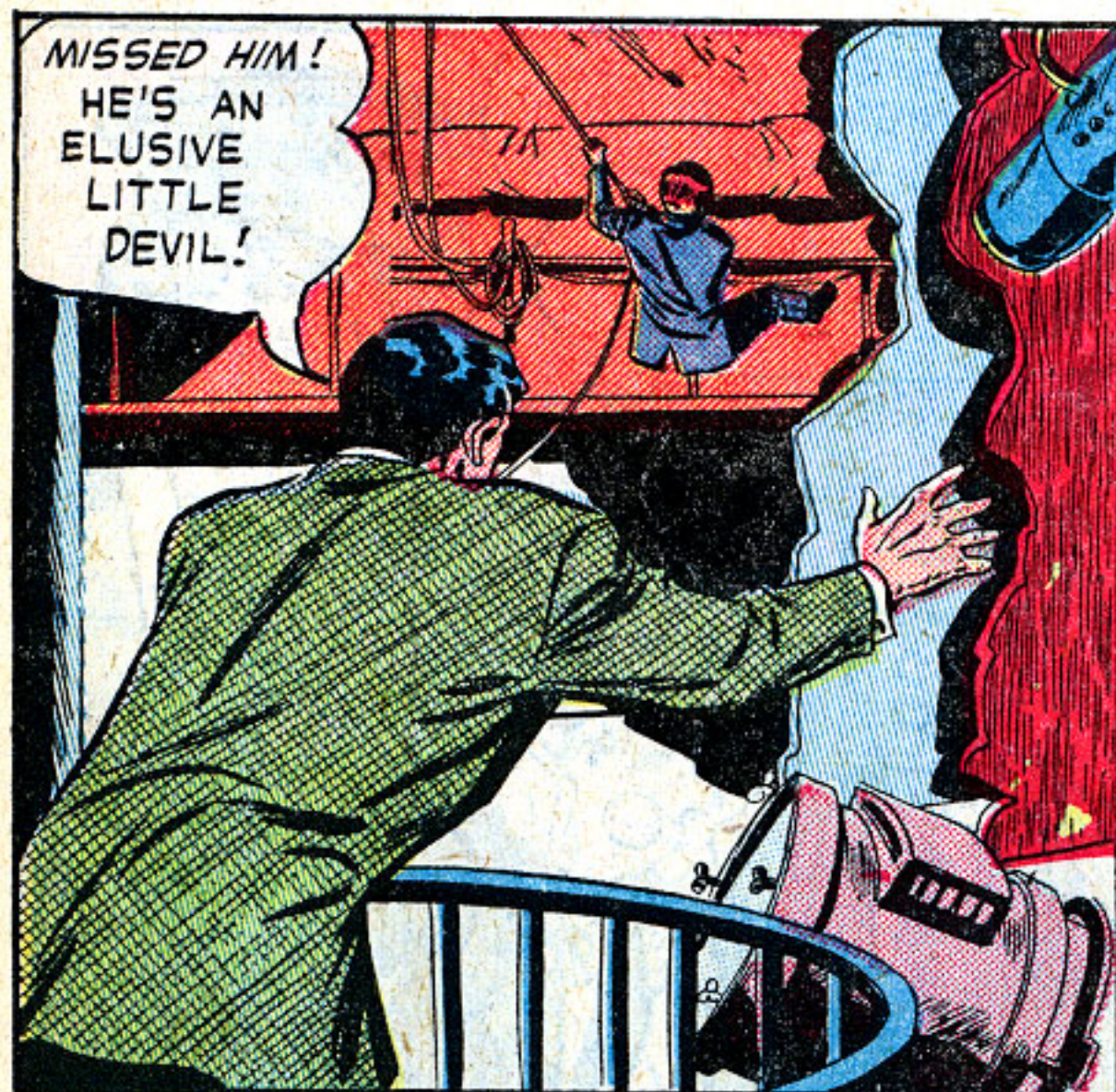
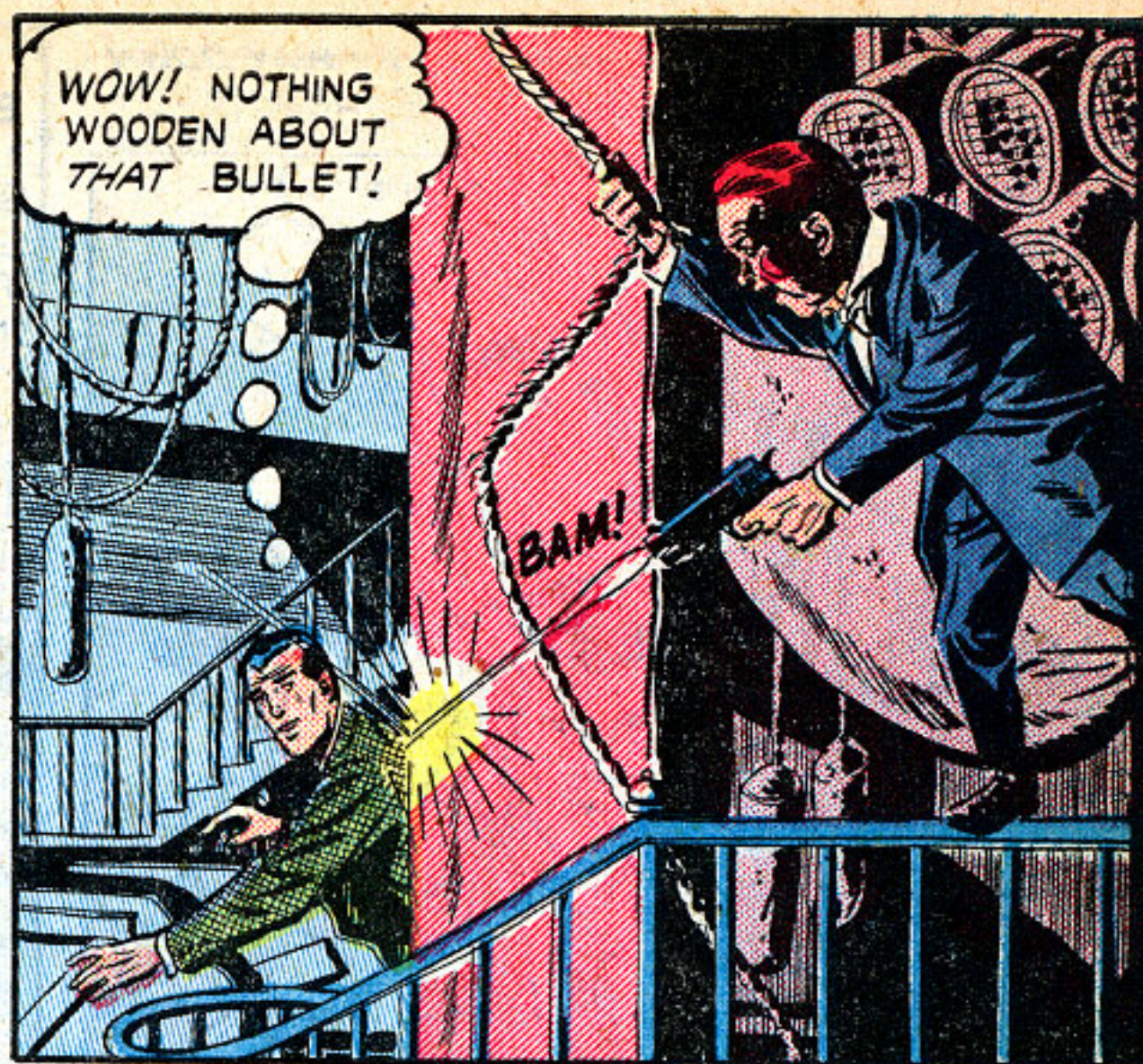


BUT SUDDENLY FROM BACKSTAGE...



"BUT THIS WASN'T AN ACT. IT WAS..."







"BY THE TIME I WORKED MY WAY DOWN, THE POLICE WERE THERE, AND..."

A DUMMY KILLER?
ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
YOU KNOCKED HIM
OFF A ROPE WITH
A SASHWEIGHT?
WHERE IS
HE NOW?

I DON'T
KNOW. HE
DISAPPEARED!



SO DID THE DIAMOND
BRACELET! THE
MURDERED DAME WAS
SUE CALDWELL, THE SINGING
SHOWGIRL. THE MORNING
PAPERS WILL BE SCREAM-
ING THE STORY.

COME HERE,
EVERYBODY!



LOOK! MY DUMMY!
WITH A CRACK IN
HIS WOODEN HEAD!

LOOKS LIKE THAT
HOLE WAS MADE BY
A HEAVY METAL
OBJECT— COULD
HAVE BEEN A
SASHWEIGHT!



NO MACHINERY IN IT. NO
MECHANISM. JUST AN
ORDINARY VENTRILOQUIST'S
DUMMY. HA-HA, YOU
MUST BE HAVING PIPE
DREAMS, DOC!



"MY OWN
EXAMIN-
ATION OF
THE DUMMY
GAVE ME A
CLUE — A
SLENDER ONE,
I'LL ADMIT, BUT
IT WAS ENOUGH
TO WORK ON
THAT NIGHT IN
THE DARKENED
THEATRE AFTER
THE SHOW..."

IT'S ONLY A
HUNCH — AH,
FOOTSTEPS!

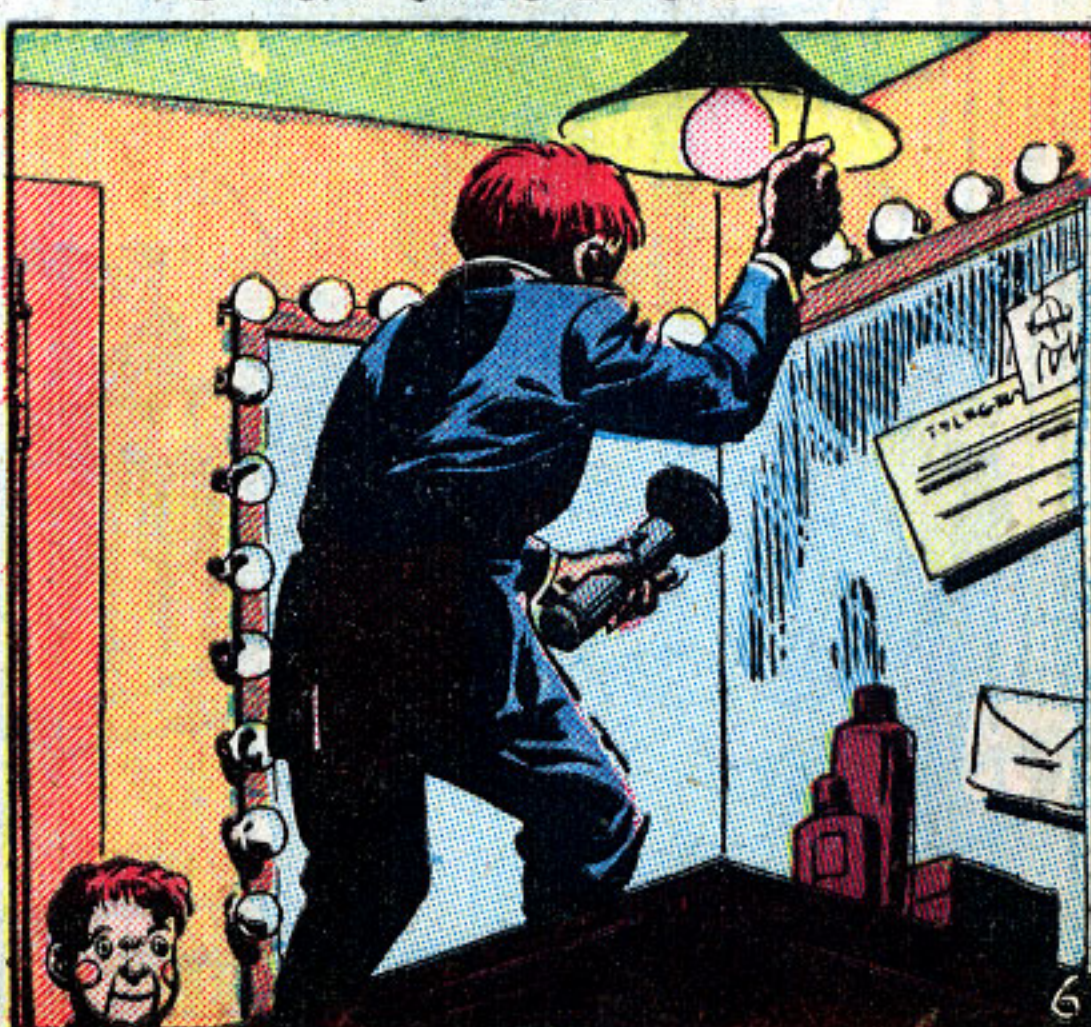
BORIS LANZOFF
VENTRILOQUIST

"I WAITED. THE
FOOTSTEPS
CAME CLOSER..."

BORIS LANZOFF
VENTRILOQUIST

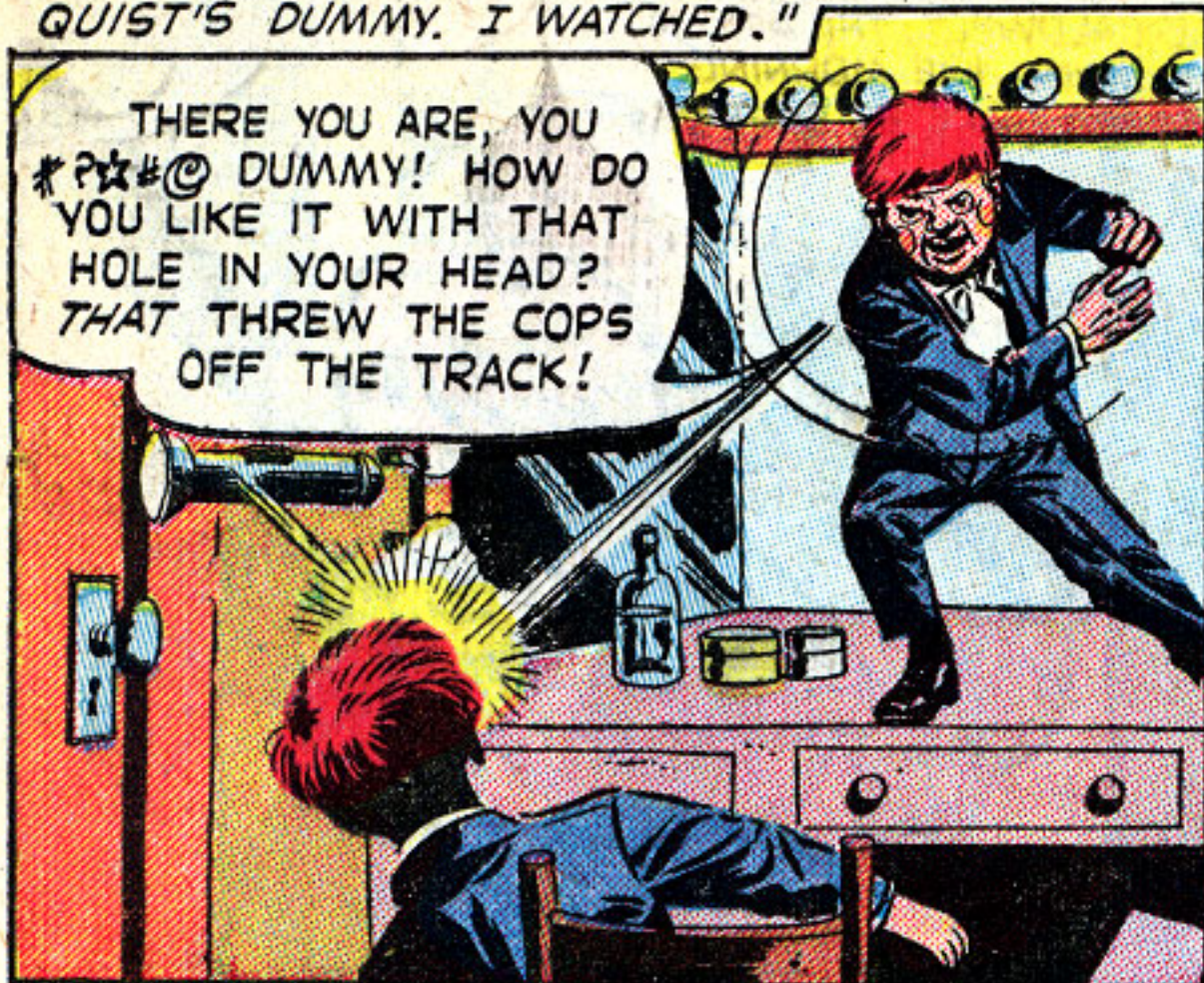
CREAK...
CREAK...

THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR OPENED.
THE LIGHT SWITCHED ON.

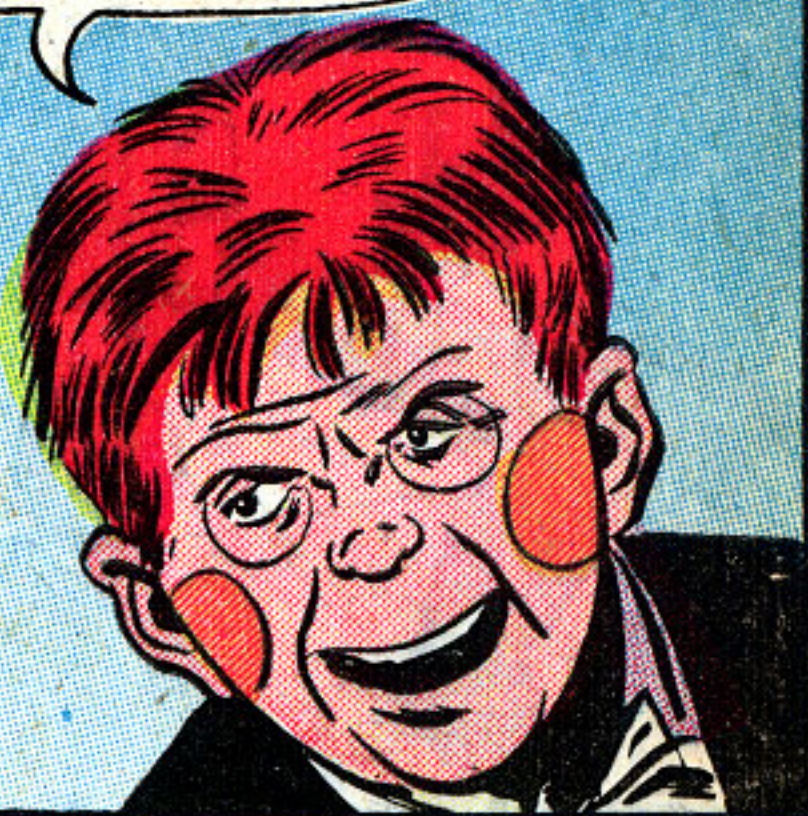


"AND THERE HE STOOD—THE DUMMY KILLER! AS I HAD SUSPECTED, HE WAS A MIDGET DISGUISED AS A VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY. I WATCHED."

THERE YOU ARE, YOU *?☆#© DUMMY! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT WITH THAT HOLE IN YOUR HEAD? THAT THREW THE COPS OFF THE TRACK!



ONCE MIDGETS WERE REAL BOX OFFICE IN VAUDEVILLE. I WAS FAMOUS THEN—AND RICH! NOW VENTRILOQUISTS ARE EVERYTHING, AND I STARVE. BUT I'M TAKING MY REVENGE! HA-HA!



AND MY REVENGE WILL MAKE ME RICH AGAIN, TOO. NOW, MY NASTY LITTLE FRIEND, GIVE ME BACK THE DIAMOND BRACELET I HID IN YOUR HEAD! AH, IT'S A BEAUTY! IT MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!



"MY EARLIER EXAMINATION HAD DISCLOSED THE DIAMOND BRACELET, STUFFED THROUGH THE HOLE AND WEDGED INSIDE THE HOLLOW HEAD. THAT WAS WHY I KNEW THE KILLER WOULD RETURN. THEN I STEPPED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM..."

WHO ARE YOU? GET BACK OR I'LL BLAST A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD!

I'M A DOCTOR. I COULD HELP YOU. YOU'RE SICK!



IF YOU'D LET ME TALK TO YOU I'M SURE I COULD HELP YOU. YOU SEE, I'M SURE YOUR UNREASONING HATRED OF VENTRILOQUISTS HAS BEEN THE CAUSE OF YOUR—

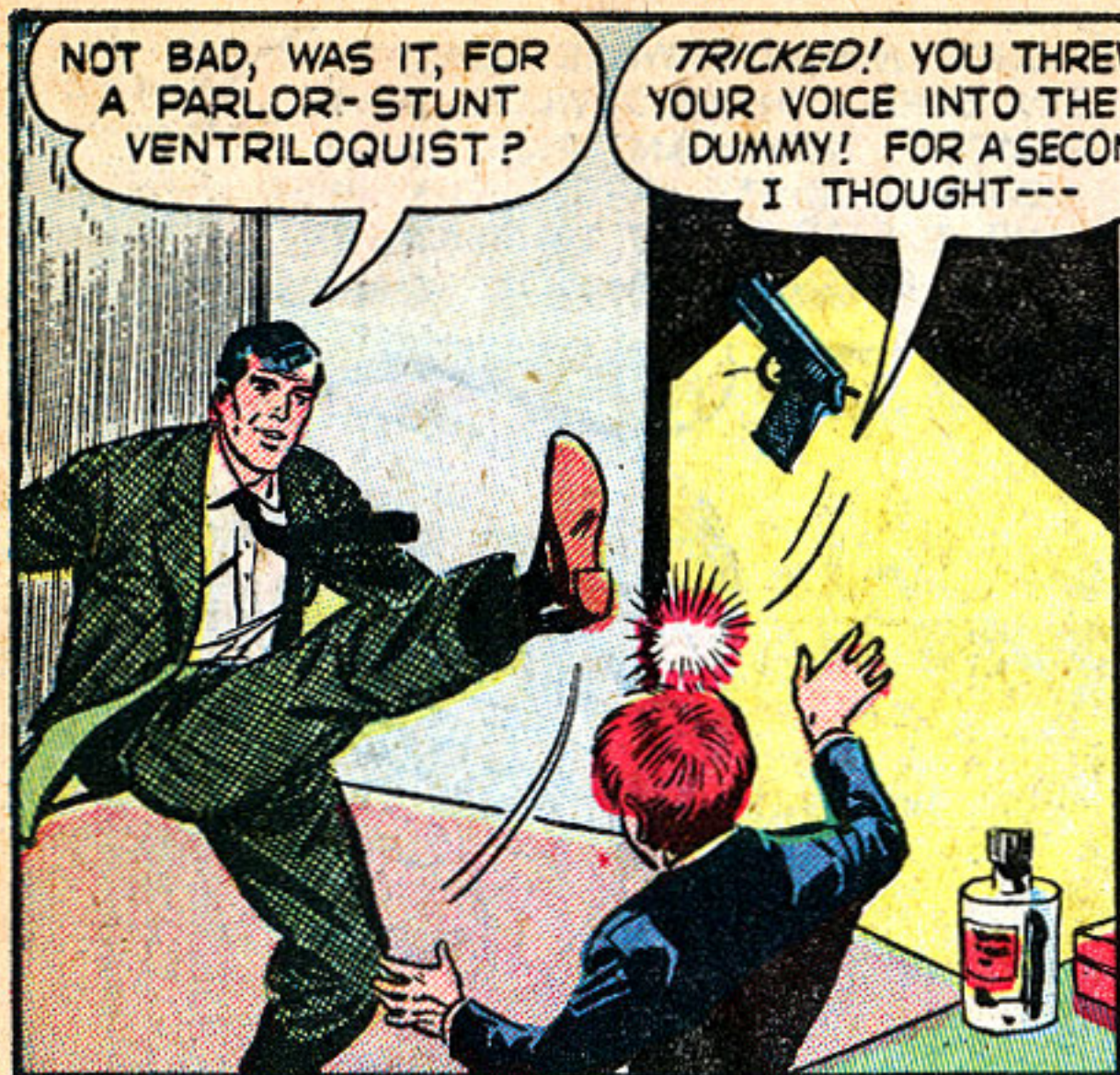
YOU'RE SO RIGHT, DOC—EXCEPT THAT IN A MINUTE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE SO DEAD!



DROP THAT GUN, YOU WOODEN-HEADED CLUNK!

WHAT—?





NOT BAD, WAS IT, FOR A PARLOR-STUNT VENTRILOQUIST?

TRICKED! YOU THREW YOUR VOICE INTO THE DUMMY! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT---

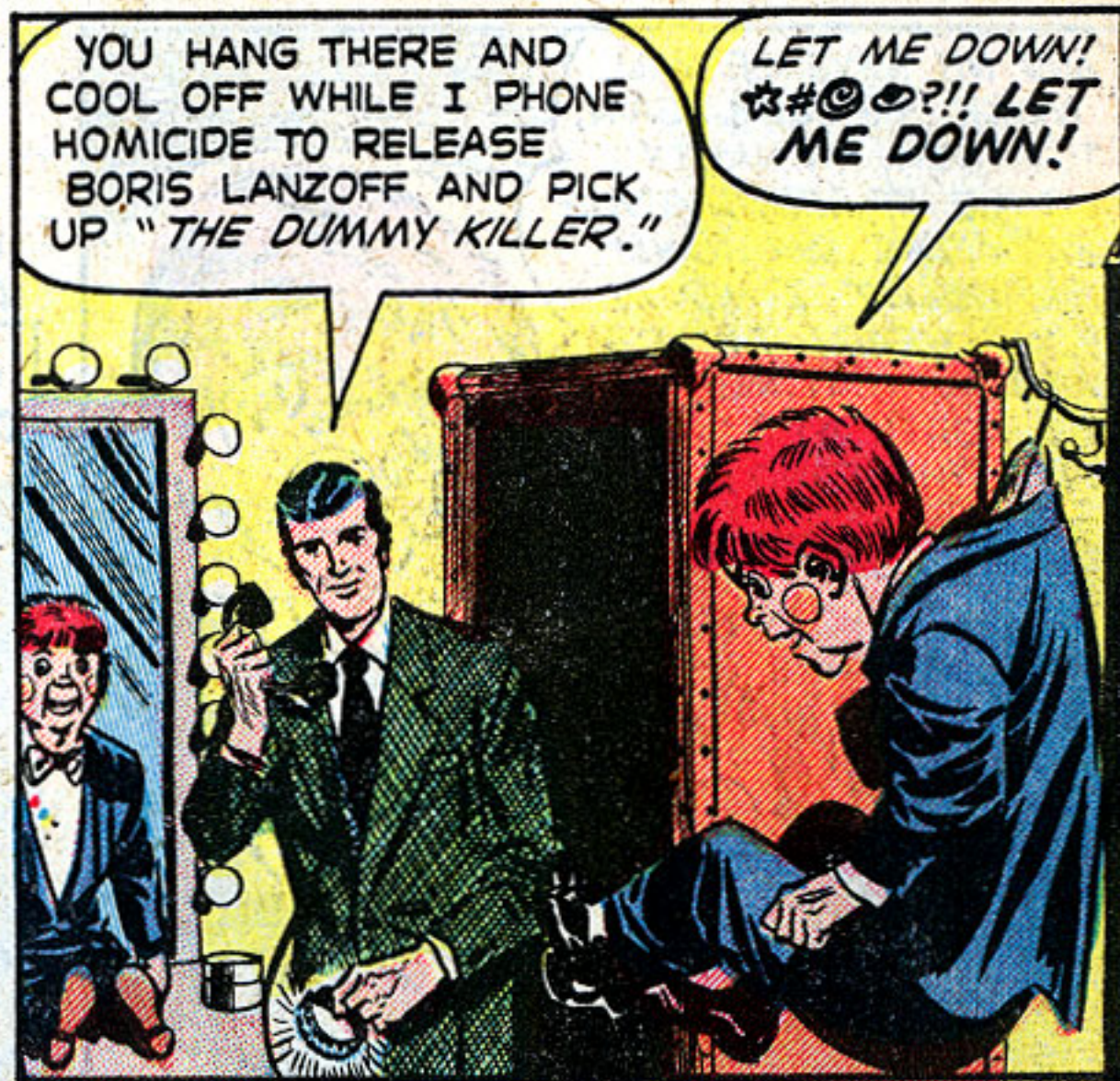


BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME, DOC! I'M SCRAMMIN' OUT OF HERE--



NOT YOU, LITTLE CHUM! YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE!

OW!



YOU HANG THERE AND COOL OFF WHILE I PHONE HOMICIDE TO RELEASE BORIS LANZOFF AND PICK UP "THE DUMMY KILLER."

LET ME DOWN! ☆#◎❖?! LET ME DOWN!



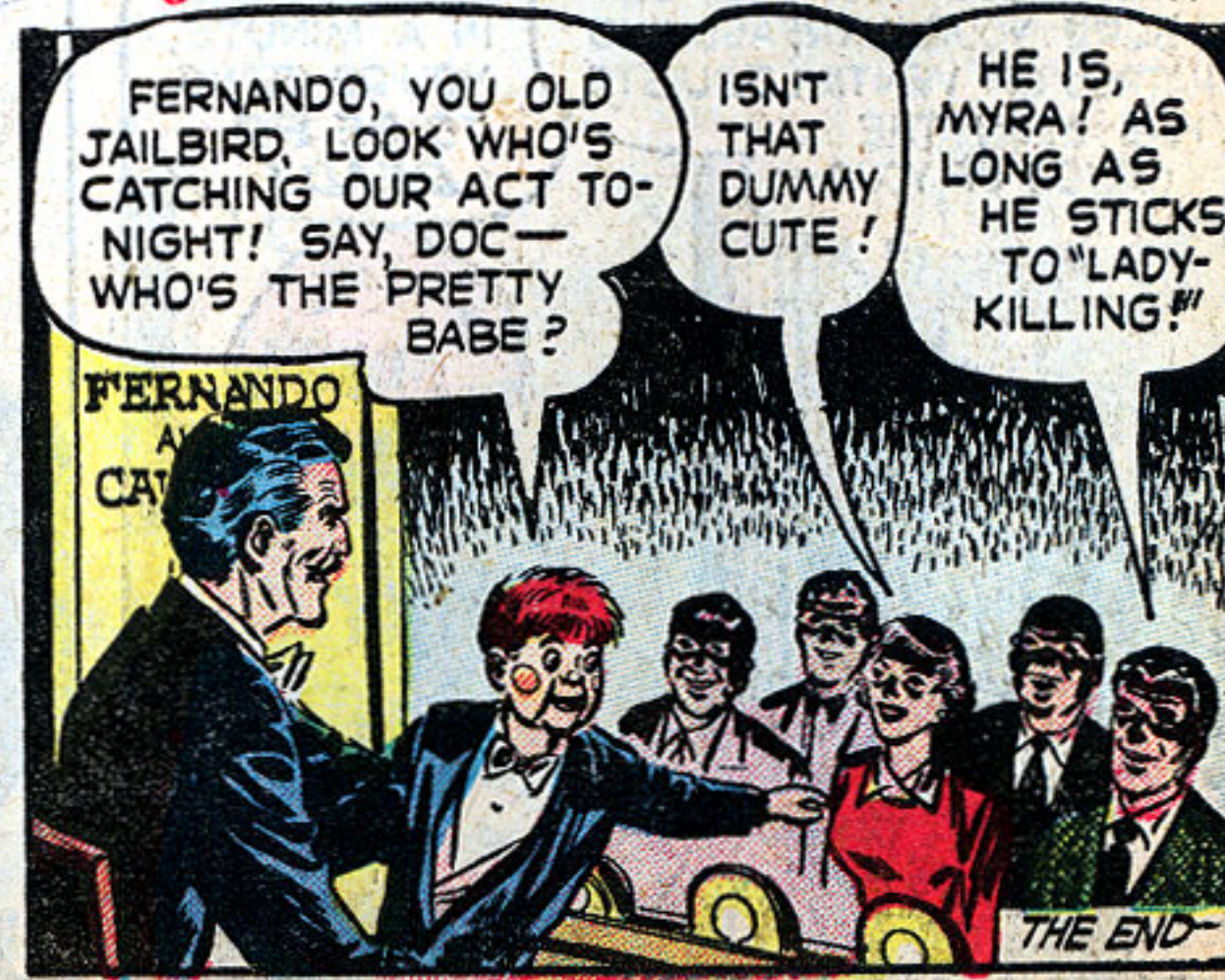
"NEXT AFTERNOON WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE PRISON..."

THE STATE OWES YOU AN APOLOGY, FERNANDO. YOU'RE A FREE MAN.

THANK YOU, WARDEN!



"A FEW NIGHTS LATER, MYRA CRANTON, MY FIANCEE, ACCOMPANIED ME TO THE EMPIRE THEATRE. THE CASE OF THE DUMMY KILLER WAS CLOSED."



FERNANDO, YOU OLD JAILBIRD, LOOK WHO'S CATCHING OUR ACT TONIGHT! SAY, DOC-- WHO'S THE PRETTY BABE?

ISN'T THAT DUMMY CUTE!

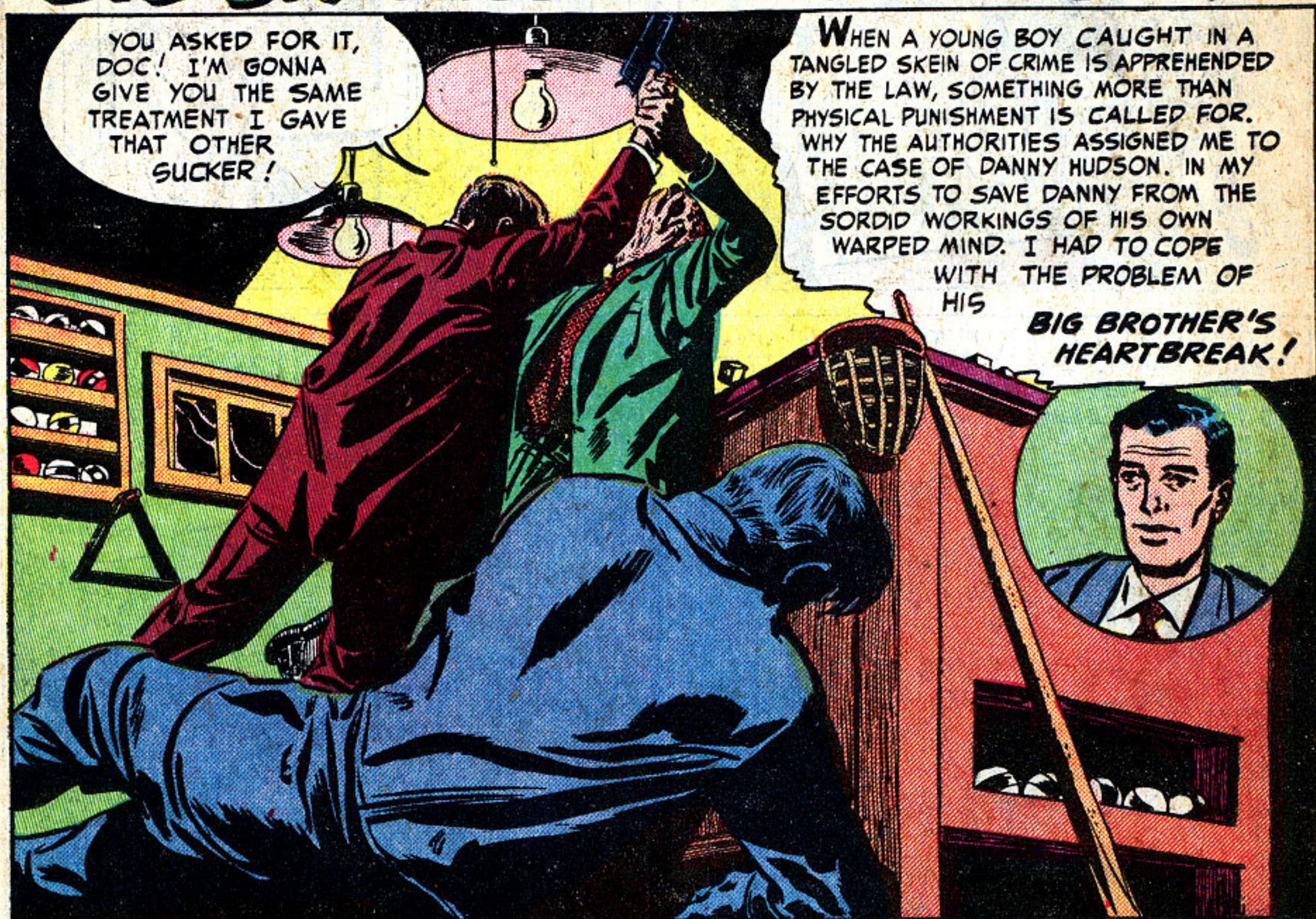
HE IS, MYRA! AS LONG AS HE STICKS TO "LADY-KILLING!"

FERNANDO
A
CAY

THE END

THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS in
BIG BROTHER'S HEARTBREAK!



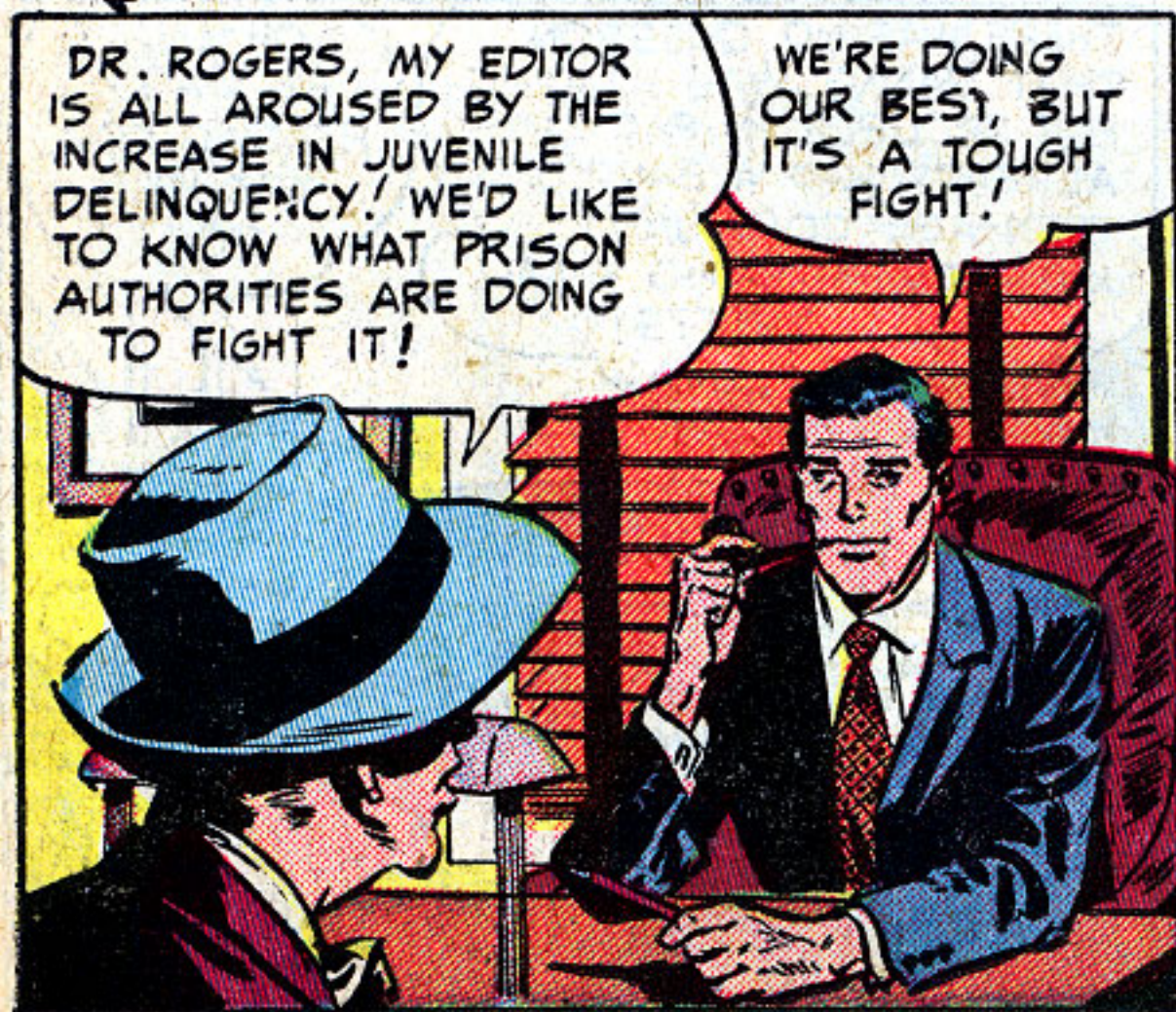
"ONE DAY IN MY OFFICE AT STATE PRISON, I WAS BEING INTERVIEWED BY A REPORTER FROM A LEADING NEWSPAPER..."

DR. ROGERS, MY EDITOR IS ALL AROUSED BY THE INCREASE IN JUVENILE DELINQUENCY! WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT PRISON AUTHORITIES ARE DOING TO FIGHT IT!

WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, BUT IT'S A TOUGH FIGHT!

FOR EXAMPLE, TAKE THE RECORD OF DANNY HUDSON! HE WAS A DELINQUENT, AND A **BAD** ONE!

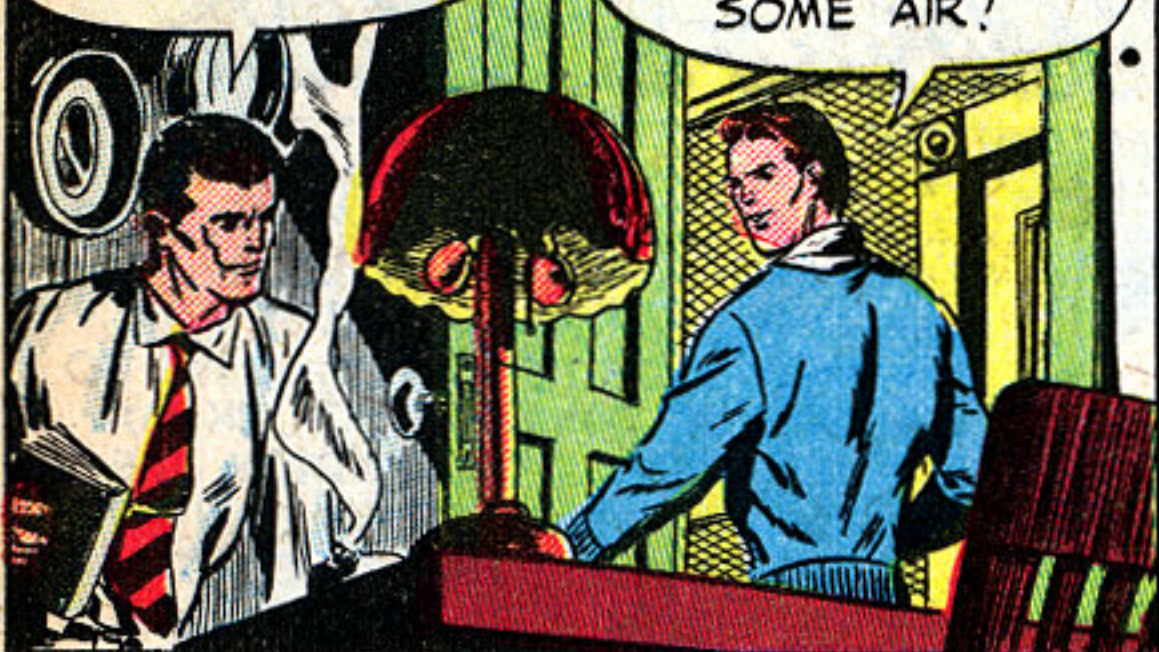
SOUNDS LIKE A STORY, DOC. HOW ABOUT IT?



"WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK A FEW YEARS TO A CHEAP FLAT IN ONE OF THE WORST SLUMS IN THE CITY. THIS WAS HOME FOR DANNY HUDSON AND HIS OLDER BROTHER LARRY. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT IT WAS THE BEST LARRY COULD AFFORD ON HIS SMALL SALARY..."

I THOUGHT YOU WERE STAYING IN TONIGHT, DANNY!

LARRY, THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! I NEED SOME AIR!



I DON'T WANT TO PREACH, DANNY! I JUST DON'T WANT YOU TO MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE I DID!

IF THAT'S WHAT'S EATIN' YA, FORGET IT! ONLY A SAP COULD'VE PULLED THE BONER YOU DID!



I GOT MY LEG CAUGHT IN THAT MACHINE AND—COME BACK, DANNY! LISTEN TO ME!

KEEP YER HANDS OFFA ME! IF YOU HAD ANY NERVE YOU WOULDN'T BE SWEATIN' OUT YOUR BRAINS IN A FACTORY! THE ONLY REASON YOU'VE GONE STRAIGHT IS BECAUSE YOU'RE **YELLOW!**



LOOK, KID, YOU'D DO BETTER TO STICK TO YOUR HOMEWORK, INSTEAD OF HANGING AROUND STEVE'S POOL JOINT!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, WILL YA CUT OUT THE PREACHIN'?



STEVIE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THAT WAREHOUSE STICK-UP YOU WERE IN. WHEN THE COPS SHOWED UP, YOU DID A FREEZE! ANY SAP WHO LETS HIMSELF GET CAUGHT DESERVES DOIN' A STRETCH. YA, HAD IT COMIN' TO YA!

SURE I HAD IT COMING TO ME-- BUT I LEARNED MY LESSON. AND IF I DIDN'T GO TO PRISON, I WOULDN'T BE CRIPPLED!



DR. ROGERS CONTINUED HIS STORY WHILE THE REPORTER LISTENED INTENTLY...

THERE WAS NO QUESTION THAT DANNY WAS HEADING FOR TROUBLE. IN FACT HE ALREADY HAD A BAND OF TEEN-AGE COMMUNITY KIDS COMMITTING SMALL THEFTS!

OH-OH! HE WAS HEADING FOR TROUBLE, DOC!

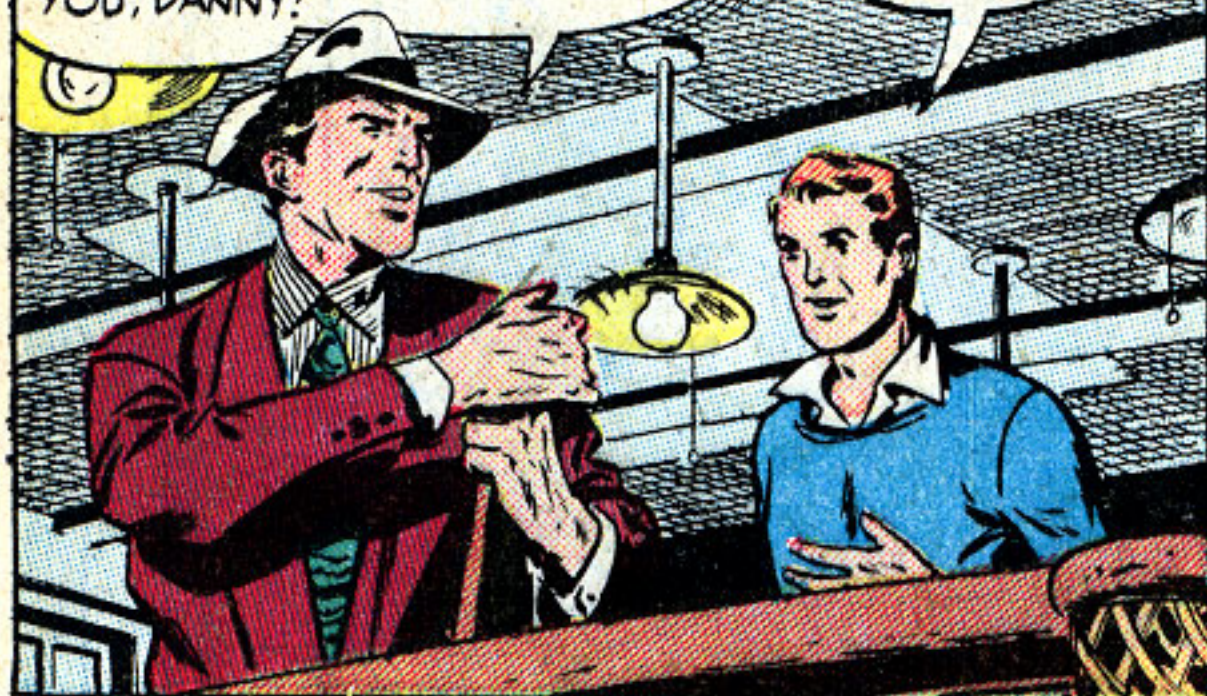




"WHAT HAPPENED NEXT WAS REALLY TRAGIC. LARRY BROKE HIS LEG IN AN ACCIDENT AT THE PLANT, AND IT GAVE YOUNG DANNY THE FREEDOM HE WAS LOOKING FOR..."

THE BOYS SAY LARRY'S IN THE HOSPITAL! THAT'S TOO BAD FOR HIM! BUT IT COULD BE A GOOD BREAK FOR YOU, DANNY!

THAT'S WHY I COME TO SEE YA, STEVIE!



I GOT A FEW KIDS WORKIN' WITH ME ON SOME SMALL JOBS! YOU KNOW, BREAKIN' INTO STORES AN' STUFF LIKE THAT! THINK YOU COULD TAKE CARE OF THE LOOT?

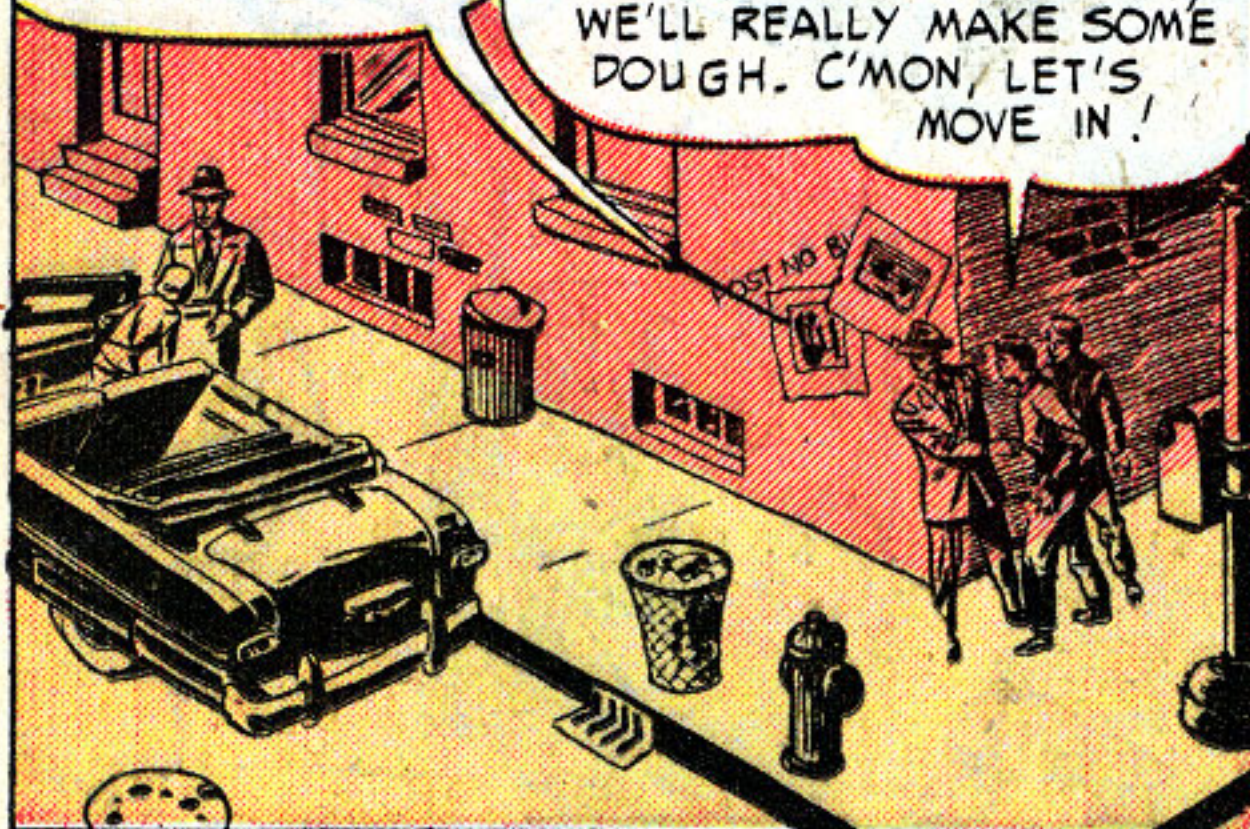
SURE THING, KID! YOU JUST BRING **EVERYTHING** TO UNCLE STEVIE!



"DANNY AND HIS TEEN-AGE GANG PULLED A FEW MINOR JOBS. THEN ONE NIGHT THEY TRIED FOR BIGGER STAKES..."

AIN'T IT KINDA RISKY STEALIN' A CAR, DANNY?

SURE IT IS, BUT I'M TIRED OF WORKIN' FOR PEANUTS! IF WE CAN GET THAT CAR, WE'LL REALLY MAKE SOME DOUGH. C'MON, LET'S MOVE IN!



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON--?

SHUT UP, MISTER, AND **FAST!** OKAY, HANK, GET THE KEYS FROM HIS POCKET!



WHY, YOU LITTLE---

LEGGO! HEY! GUYS -- LET 'IM HAVE IT!

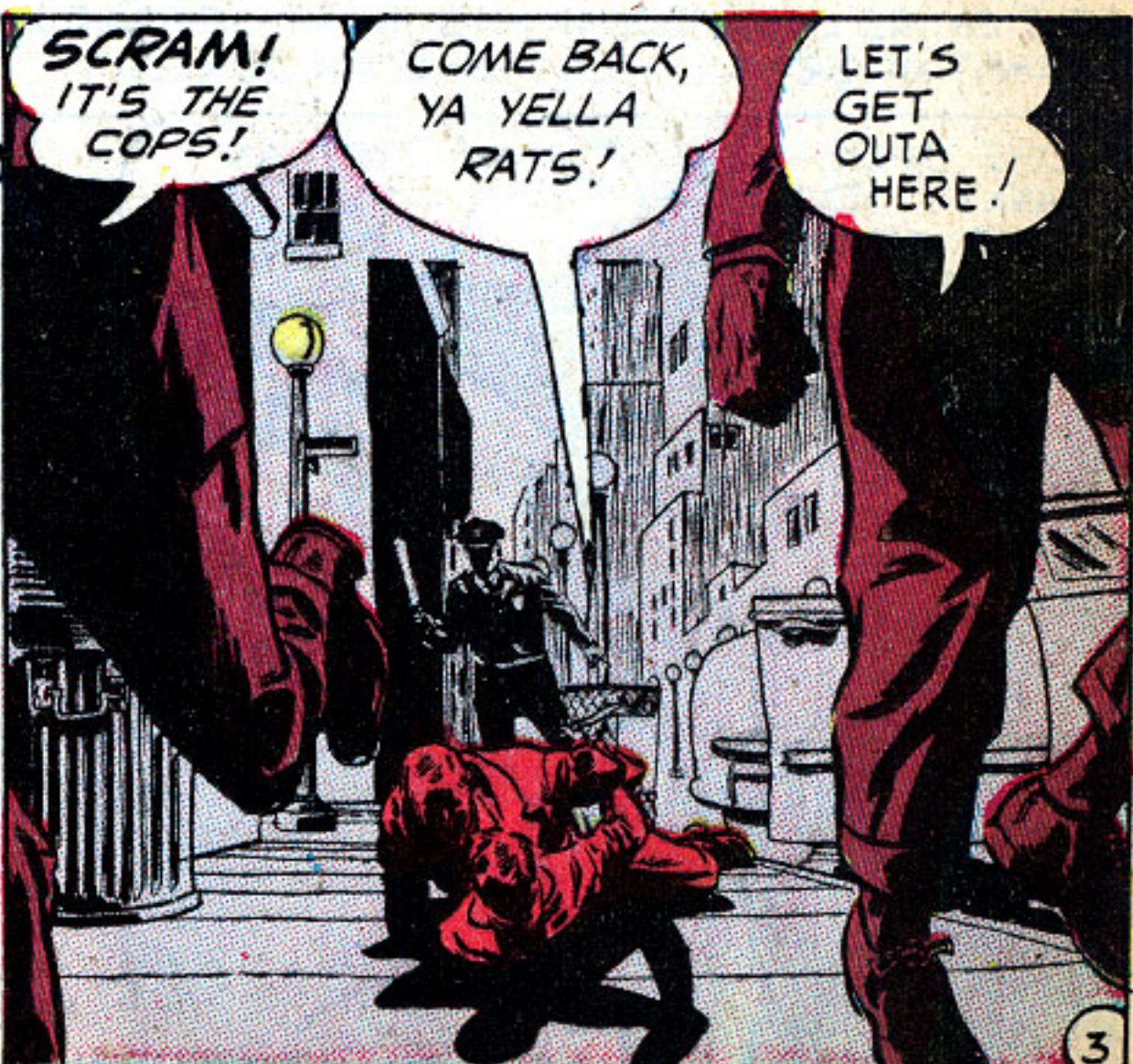
HELP... POLICE!



SCRAM! IT'S THE COPS!

COME BACK, YA YELLA RATS!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!



"MINUTES LATER..."

THE OTHER THREE
RAN AWAY, BUT THIS
TRAMP IS THE
RINGLEADER!
I WANT HIM
BEHIND BARS!

THAT'S WHERE
HE'S HEADED!
OKAY, SONNY --
LET'S GO!



"WHEN DANNY WAS BROUGHT TO JUVENILE
COURT, THE AUTHORITIES ASKED ME TO
SIT IN ON THE CASE..."



WE'RE BRINGING YOUNG
HUDSON TO TRIAL IN A
FEW MINUTES, DOCTOR!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE
YOUR HANDS FULL -- THIS
YOUNGSTER IS A
HARD CASE!

NO CASE
IS HOPELESS,
YOUR HONOR!



"THEN AS WE ENTERED THE COURTROOM..."

I'M WARNIN'
YA, COPPER!
TAKE YOUR
DIRTY HANDS
OFFA ME!

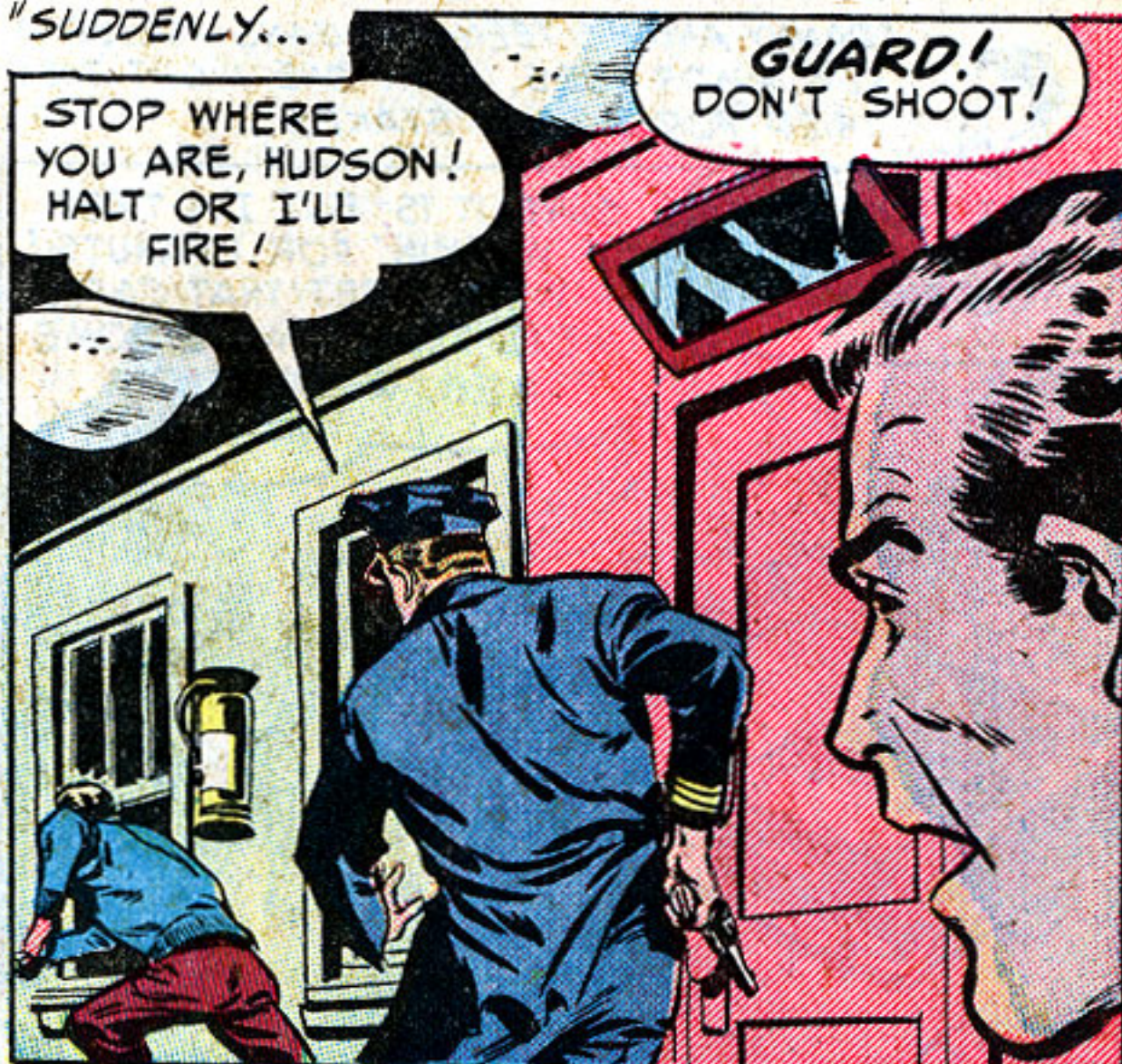
KEEP QUIET,
HUDSON...OR...



"SUDDENLY..."

STOP WHERE
YOU ARE, HUDSON!
HALT OR I'LL
FIRE!

GUARD!
DON'T SHOOT!



"THE ENTIRE COURTROOM WAS IN AN UPROAR AS I
DASHED AFTER HIM INTO THE CORRIDOR..."

COME BACK,
DANNY! YOU
CAN'T GET
AWAY!

TRY AN'
STOP ME,
MISTER!



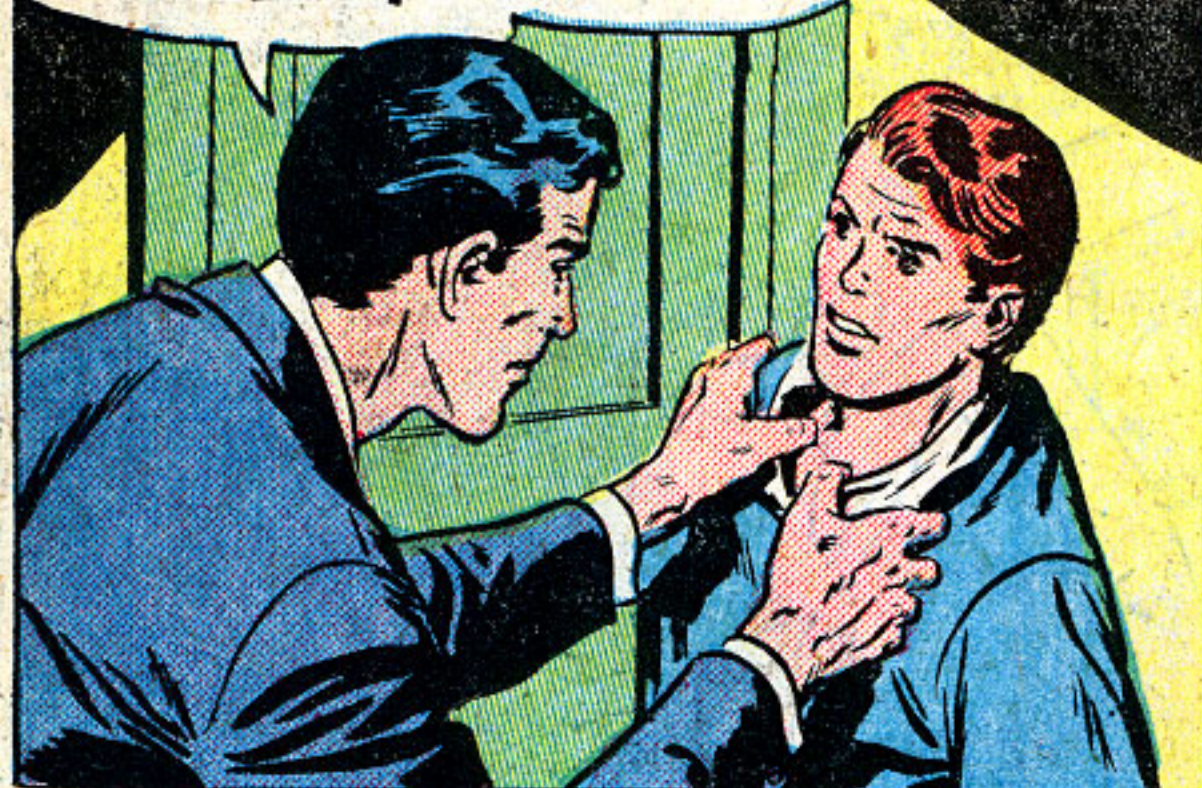
OKAY,
I WILL!

OW!



WE'LL BE GOING BACK INSIDE THAT COURTROOM, AND THIS TIME YOU'LL BEHAVE YOURSELF! REMEMBER THIS, DANNY, I CAN GET TWICE AS ROUGH AS YOU CAN -- IF I HAVE TO! IS THAT **CLEAR?**

Y-YEAH...IT'S CLEAR!



"THE TRIAL WAS BRIEF, AND THEN THE JUDGE PASSED SENTENCE..."

YOU HAVE BROKEN THE LAW ON FOUR COUNTS, AND YOUR REFUSAL TO NAME YOUR THREE COMPANIONS ONLY ADDS TO YOUR GUILT! THEREFORE, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SEND YOU TO A BOYS' REFORMATORY!

ANYWAY, I'M NO SQUEALER!



THAT'S NOTHING TO BE PROUD OF! ACCORDING TO THE REPORT, THEY LEFT **YOU** HOLDING THE BAG! TAKE MY ADVICE, DANNY -- SOAK UP EVERYTHING THE REFORMATORY HAS TO TEACH YOU... AND THEN GO STRAIGHT!

THAT'S FOR SUCKERS, MISTER -- NOT FOR **ME!**



THEN I DON'T SUPPOSE DANNY TOOK YOUR ADVICE ... OR DID HE?

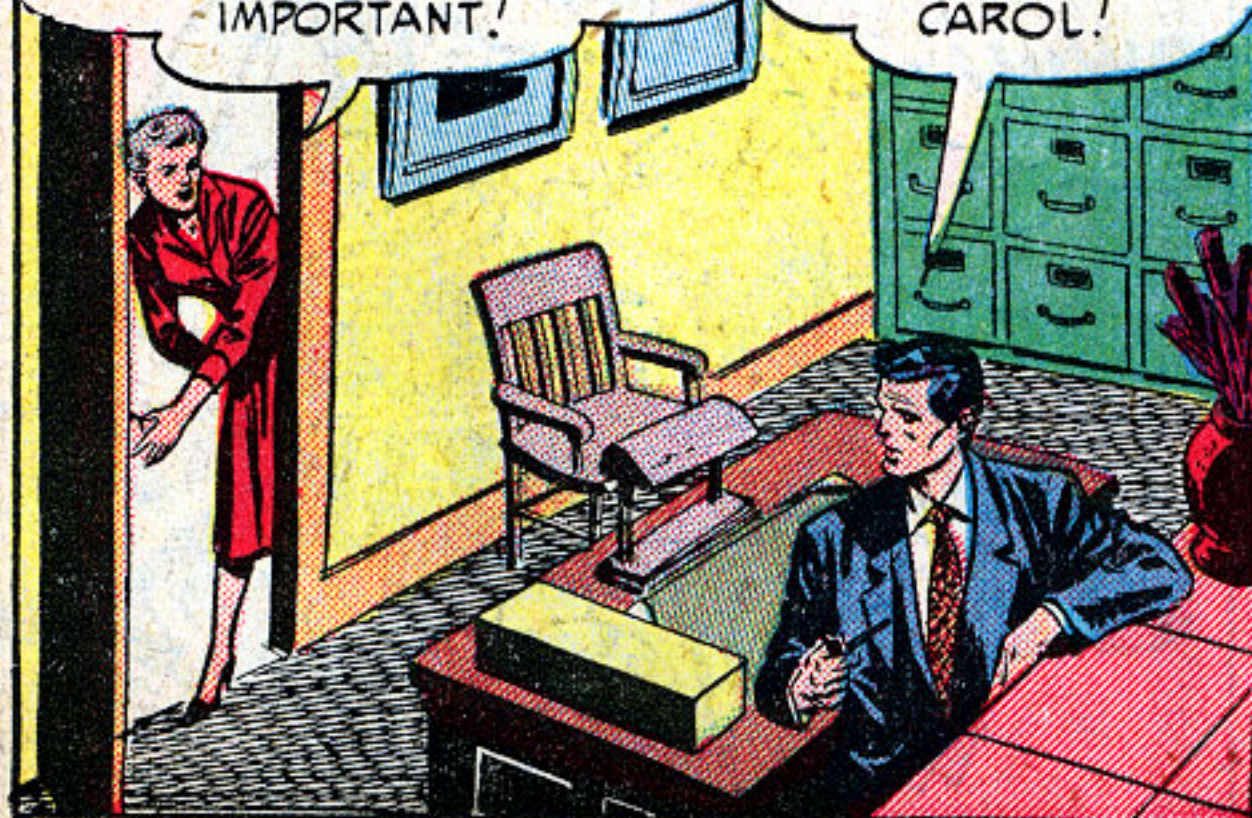
NO, HE DIDN'T! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE DIDN'T EVEN LAST LONG AT THE SCHOOL! I DON'T MEAN HE WAS LET OFF ON GOOD BEHAVIOR... HE SIMPLY **BROKE OUT!**



"DANNY DID A VERY GOOD DISAPPEARING ACT, BUT THREE WEEKS LATER I RECEIVED A **VERY** UNEXPECTED VISITOR..."

THERE'S A LARRY HUDSON OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR! HE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT!

WHY HE MUST BE -- HAVE HIM COME RIGHT IN, CAROL!



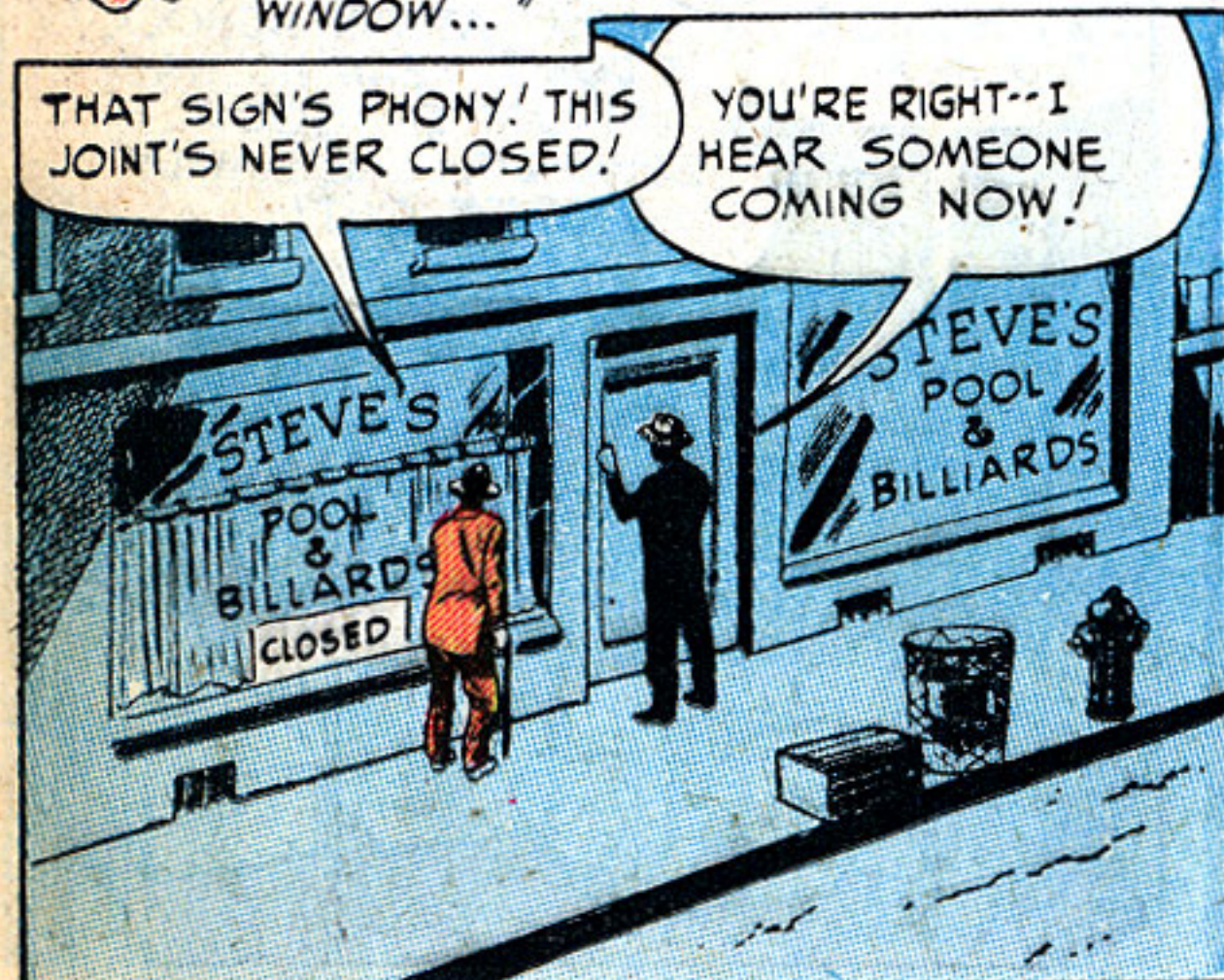
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, MR. HUDSON?

IT'S ABOUT MY BROTHER, DANNY! THIS MIGHT SOUND CRAZY, BUT I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING --- I CAME TO TURN HIM IN!

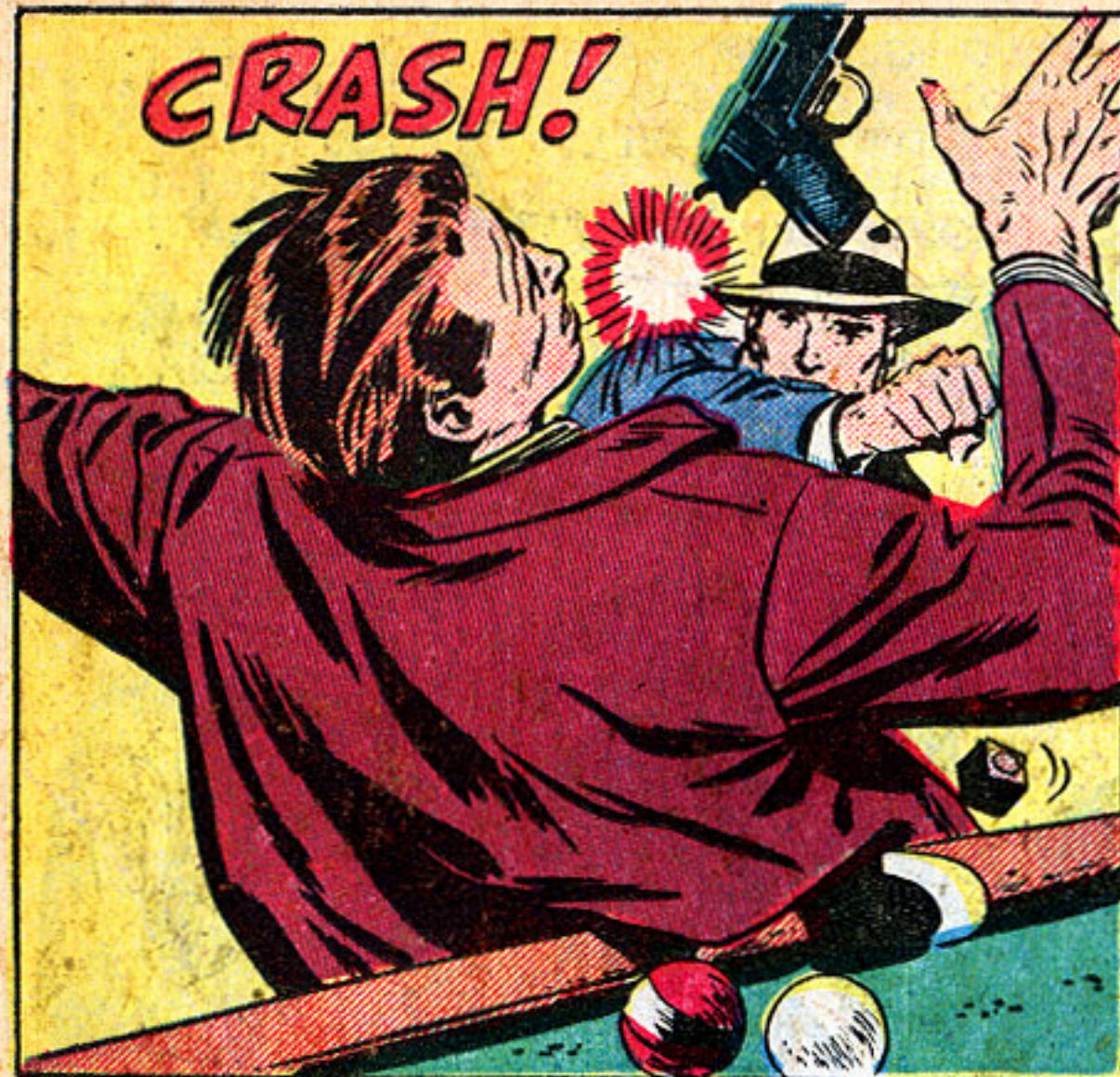




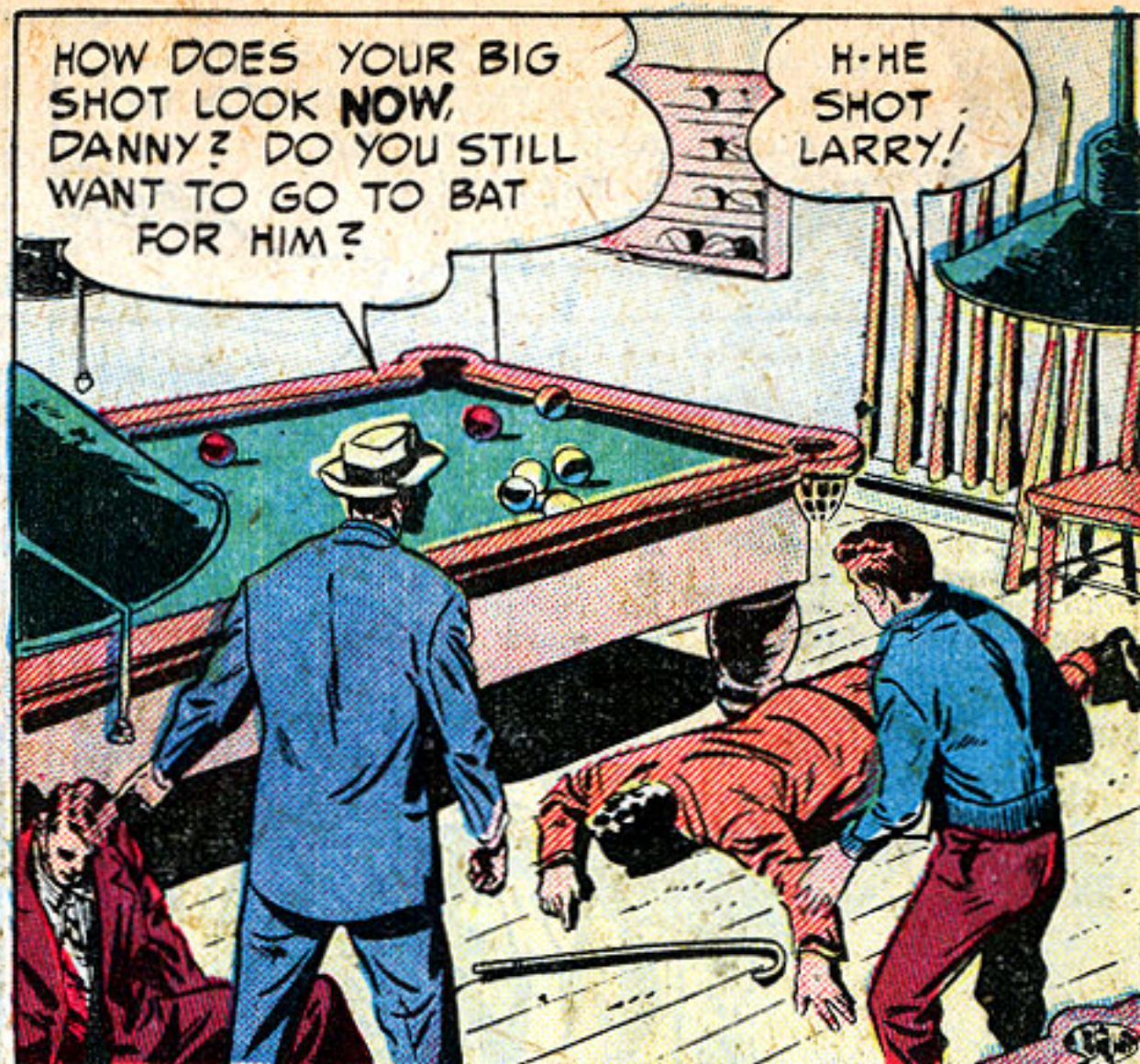
"I MET LARRY THAT EVENING, AND HE TOOK ME TO STEVE'S POOL JOINT! A 'CLOSED' SIGN WAS HANGING IN THE WINDOW..."







CRASH!



HOW DOES YOUR BIG SHOT LOOK NOW, DANNY? DO YOU STILL WANT TO GO TO BAT FOR HIM?

H-HE SHOT LARRY!



HE W-WON'T DIE ... WILL HE?

I HOPE NOT! LARRY HAS THE KIND OF NERVE THAT PUNKS LIKE STEVE NEVER HAVE! CRIPPLED AS HE WAS, HE CAME TO YOUR AID WHEN STEVE TURNED ON YOU. MAYBE NOW YOU'LL KNOW WHO YOUR **REAL** FRIENDS ARE!



AND DID LARRY PULL THROUGH?

YES, HE DID-- BUT THAT ISN'T ALL! DANNY FINISHED HIS TERM AT THE REFORMATORY AND CAME BACK A CHANGED BOY! THE TWO BROTHERS ARE NOW PARTNERS IN A GAS STATION AND THEY'RE DOING FINE!



YOU'VE GIVEN ME QUITE A STORY, DOCTOR! MAYBE IT'LL BE A VALUABLE LESSON TO OTHERS!

I HOPE SO! FIGHTING JUVENILE DELINQUENCY IS EVERYBODY'S JOB!

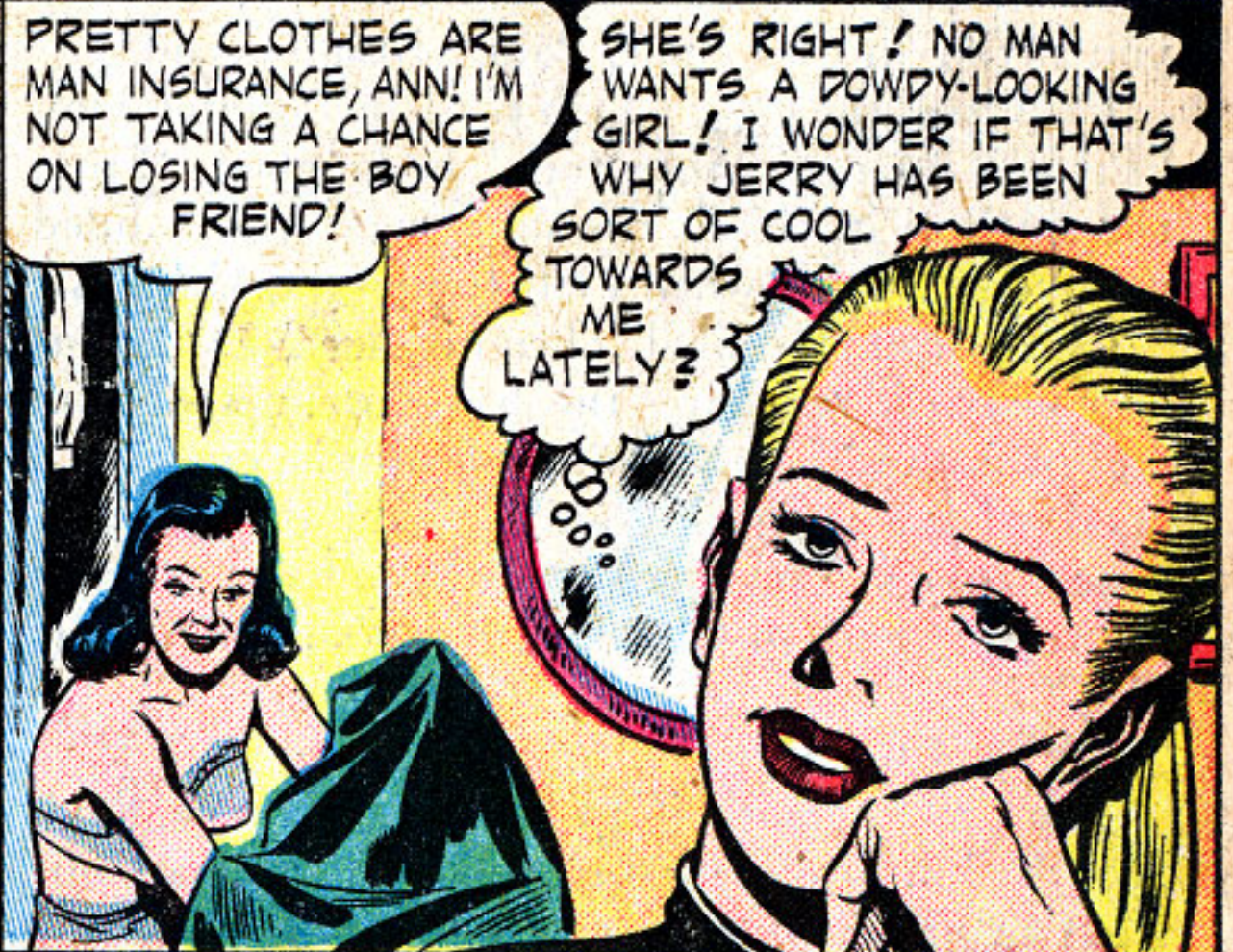
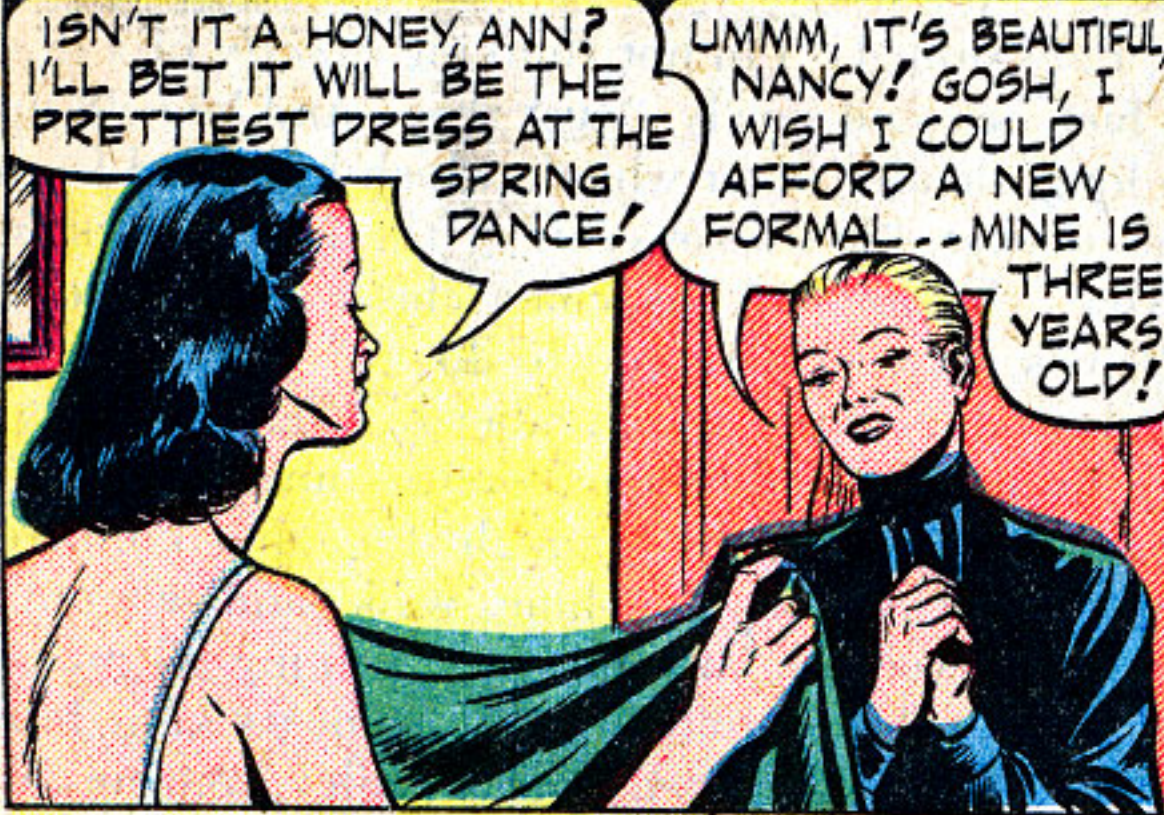
THE END

CURE FOR CRIME!

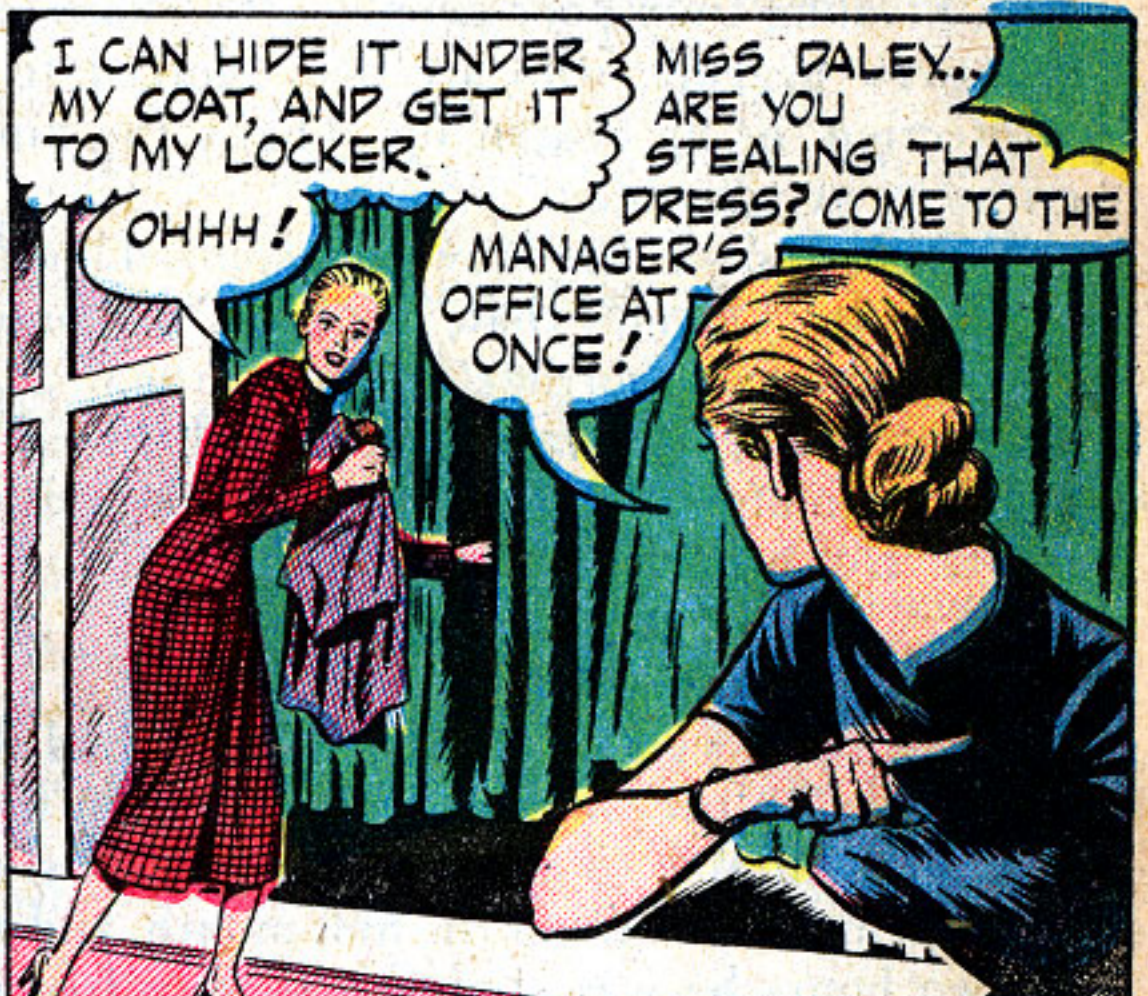
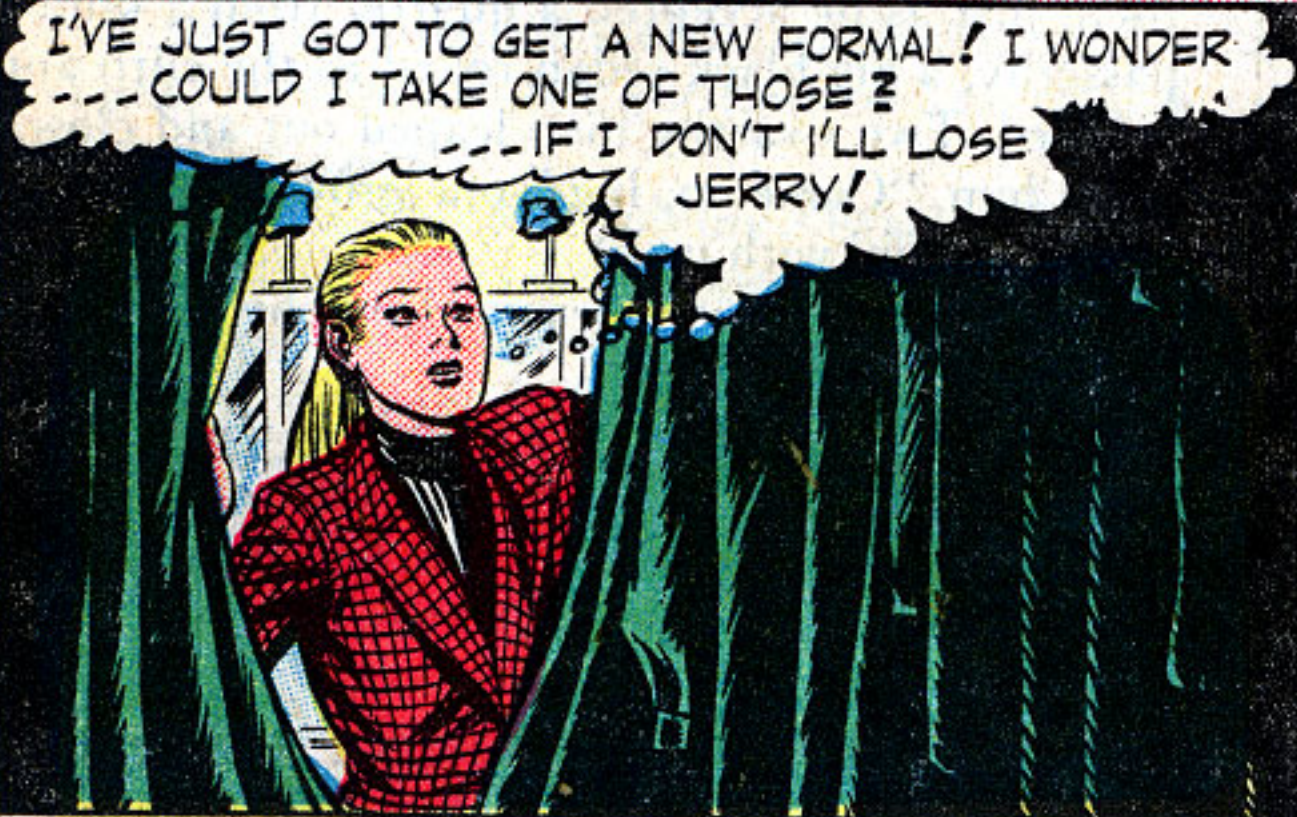


"VANITY CAN OFTEN DRIVE A PERSON TO CRIME! THAT HAPPENED TO ANN DALEY, SALESGIRL IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE!"

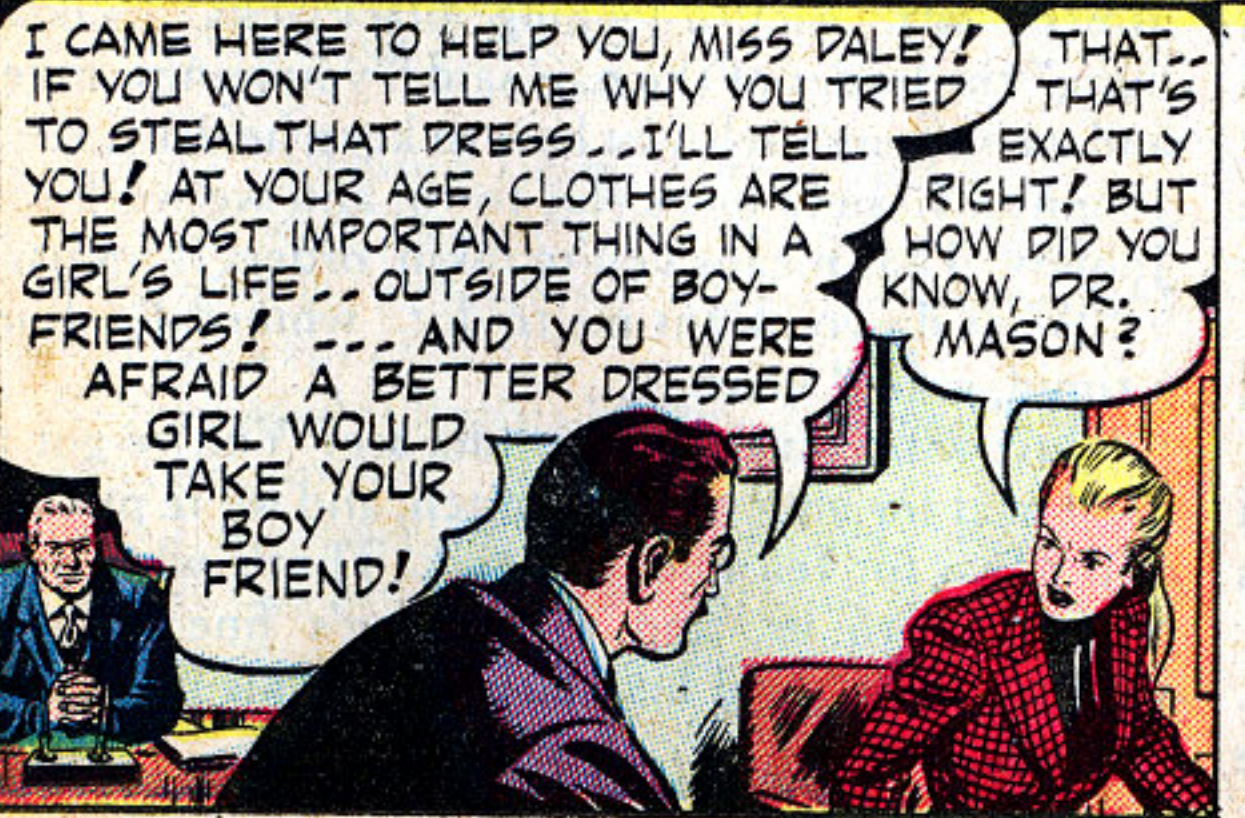
"ANN'S STORY STARTS THE EVENING HER GIRL-FRIEND, NANCY, SHOWED HER THE NEW FORMAL SHE HAD JUST BOUGHT."



"MAN INSURANCE! ANN REMEMBERED NANCY'S REMARKS! SHE COULDN'T DRIVE IT FROM HER MIND! THE NEXT DAY, AT WORK..."



"BECAUSE ANN DALEY HAD ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD EMPLOYEE, THE MANAGER TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HER! I WAS CALLED IN."



THE SILENT WHISTLE

Sgt. Paul White of the Glendale Police Force eased himself into the comfortable chair next to Chief Bradley's desk. He grinned with genuine affection at the Chief as the older man shook his head and smiled. "Looks just like old times to see you sitting in that chair, Paul," Bradley said.

Paul took the cigar which the Chief offered him, lit it and nodded. "Sure does," he laughed. "From the smell of it, this is the same cigar you handed me five years ago, when I left to join the Marines."

Chief Bradley smiled. Then his face grew serious and worried, revealing the haggard lines of care etched around his normally placid blue eyes. "It's good to have you back, Paul," he said soberly. "I've missed you, son, and I've needed you badly. Things are rugged here in Glendale, I don't mind admitting."

"What's up, Chief?"

The Chief sighed. "It's a new kind of crime, Paul. Not the kind we're used to. No crime is clean, but what's going on now is especially dirty and miserable. Stealing from poor people, little shopkeepers and even beggars, who are being forced to pay 'protection' or be beaten up. That's the kind of crime we've got today."

"Who's responsible? Have you spotted him?"

"Oh, sure, we know that," replied Chief Bradley. "That's the most horrible feature of the deal. The king-pin is an ex-Chicago racketeer of the prohibition era, Johnny Miranda. We've got him dead to rights. But we can't touch him. Our hands are tied."

"Why?" snapped Paul.

"Because he's got connections, Paul," said Bradley sadly. "In the three years he's been in town I haven't been able to make a single arrest stick. I ran him in a dozen times the first month, and within two hours he was out each time, a free man. His lawyers simply made a couple of telephone calls, and the fix was in. I can't take much more of it, Paul. I've been an honest cop for more than thirty years, and if I can't enforce the law, I'm going to quit." He paused. "That's why I've been waiting for you to come back, son. I figured that maybe you and I, working together, the way we used to before the War, could clean this last mess up."

"Have you tried a raid?" Paul asked. "To get evidence, I mean."

"Won't work." The Chief shook his head. "Not a judge in town will sign a search warrant. That's how good Miranda's connections are."

Paul sat back in his chair, puffing on the cigar. Suddenly he leaned forward. "I've got an idea," he

said. "In case of a fire, or anything like that, we still have the right to break into a house, don't we? They haven't changed that law, have they?"

"No, they haven't. But it wouldn't work, Paul. First of all, you could never get into Miranda's place. Secondly, it's all concrete and steel, one of these modern places, so you wouldn't have much luck with a fire."

Paul smiled. "I'm not thinking *exactly* of a fire, Chief," he said slowly. "Just this." And he held up a long, slender silver whistle which he pulled from his pocket. "It's a souvenir of the Marine Corps. Now," he hitched his chair closer to the desk, "here's what I'd like you to do..."

Two days later, the number of Glendale's beggars was increased by one, a filthy, unshaven bum who looked healthy enough for any kind of work, but whose slouching walk and whining voice showed a man completely lacking all moral strength. The patrolmen on their beats kept him moving along, and even Chief Bradley, touring the city in a cruising patrol car, had difficulty recognizing the normally immaculate Paul White.

For two days, the bum prowled the streets. And then, just as he accepted a quarter from a kindly passerby, a big black sedan rolled to the curb and stopped. Two swarthy men leaped out and closed in on him. "Come on, lug," one growled. "Get in. You're comin' with us."

Paul's protests were drowned out by the slamming of the sedan door.

As the car roared away, a newsboy, whose route had paralleled Paul's, ducked into a store and raced for the phone booth. Quickly, he dialed a number. "Hello," he said. "Louie speaking. They got him." The newsboy left the store and continued on his route.

Twenty minutes later Paul sat in a sparsely-furnished little ante-room in Johnny Miranda's sumptuous home. The two hoods who had kidnapped him loomed threateningly over him, both armed with wicked-looking blackjacks. "Look, bum," the leader of the pair said, "you're new here, and we're gonna tell you how to keep healthy, see? Johnny Miranda owns this town, and we work for Johnny. That means you're takin' orders from us."

"What do you want me to do?" whined Paul, in a timid, scared voice.

"Just what you're told to do, see? You've got a good beat for your handout pitch, and we're puttin' you down for ten bucks a week. That's what you turn over to us, and everything's fine. Otherwise..." he tapped his blackjack on his palm significantly.

Paul looked up, letting sudden understanding flood his face. "Oh, it's like that," he said. "That's nothin'. Look, fellow," he continued, in a very friendly tone, "you don't think *this* is my racket, do you? This is just a blind with me. I'm going to be in the big dough soon," he added boastfully.

The two hoods glanced at each other. "How's that?" they asked.

Paul smiled. "Just before I broke out of Joliet," he said easily, "a lifer who comes from this town tipped me off about a tunnel that leads right under the First National Bank. I've been casing the job, and I've found out he was givin' me a straight steer. Now," he shrugged his shoulders, "all I've got to do is connect up with some mob, and it's a cinch to knock the bank off for every cent in that vault."

The two gangsters studied each other thoughtfully. After a moment, the first one spoke. "Keep an eye on this mug, Joe," he said. "I'm gonna have a talk with Johnny."

When the hood returned, he smiled at Paul. "Okay, fellow," he said jovially. "If you got any idea about how to knock the bank over, you're in the right place. Come on. You got some talkin' to do."

"Where're we goin'?" asked Paul, as he was hoisted to his feet and marched through the door.

"To the Big Boss! An' you better have the story straight, because he ain't got time to fool around with no fairy tales."

Paul's first glimpse of Johnny Miranda showed clearly why the racketeer had attained his supremacy. A huge, domineering man, he sat arrogantly behind his massive desk, his cruel lips clamped tight on a large cigar which he didn't bother to remove when he spoke. "Joe tells me that you're set with a plan to knock over the First National here. All right, let's hear your caper."

"Wait a minute!" Paul leaned forward in protest. "Why should I tell *you*? This is my caper, and I want to make sure I get mine."

"You'll get yours, all right," Miranda said. "A flat twenty-five percent of the take. I supply the men and the protection. That's how this town is run. And nobody," he added savagely, "crosses me. Get it?"

"That's not much for me!" grumbled Paul.

"That's what you get!" snapped Miranda. "Or," he shrugged his shoulders, "you go for a nice, long ride. Take your choice!"

Paul nodded sullenly. "Okay," he said. "It's like this. The tunnel—"

"Wait a minute!" ordered Miranda. "Pete, you blow. I'll call you when I want you." Without a word the hoodlum exited, and Miranda nodded to Paul.

"The tunnel," Paul continued, "starts in the

alley next to the Kingsbury Jewelry Store, and crosses the street under the bank. Once you get there, there's a steel door, but the key to this door is..."

Again Paul was interrupted, this time by the shrill ringing of a phone on Miranda's desk. The racketeer grabbed the instrument, listened for a second, then mumbled a reply. "This'll take a couple of minutes," he said to Paul. "Make yourself comfortable."

As Paul rose to his feet and strolled around the room, his hand slowly came out of his pocket, tightly clenched. The second his back was to Miranda, he whipped the hand to his mouth, pressing the silver whistle to his lips, and blew hard several times. Not a sound was audible in the room. The whistle was silent!

But as Paul's hand returned the whistle to his pocket, Miranda's conversation was drowned out by the frenzied chorus of dogs, yelping and barking their heads off on every side of the house. The gangster looked up in consternation as, through every window in the room, dogs of every size, shape and color began to pour; and more dogs filled the rest of the house through every opening. "What's going on here?" he yelled.

Chief Bradley rushed into the room, followed by a group of policemen. "Sorry, Mr. Miranda," he said. "Our dogs seemed to have barged in. We're rounding them up, now. Come on, boys, snap to it!"

Miranda shouted, "I'll have your shield for this!"

At this moment, a policeman entered and whispered in the chief's ear. Bradley smiled and turned to Miranda. "I don't figure you'll be doing much of anything in the future, Miranda. Officer Hanrahan tells me that the boys have seized all your files, and your gang surrendered. We've got enough evidence. Even if you get your files back—your lawyers may see to that—the squealers in your mob will sing enough to put you in cold storage for a long time. It looks like you've been doing a lot of things the Federal Government doesn't like. Your local connections won't help you even a little bit."

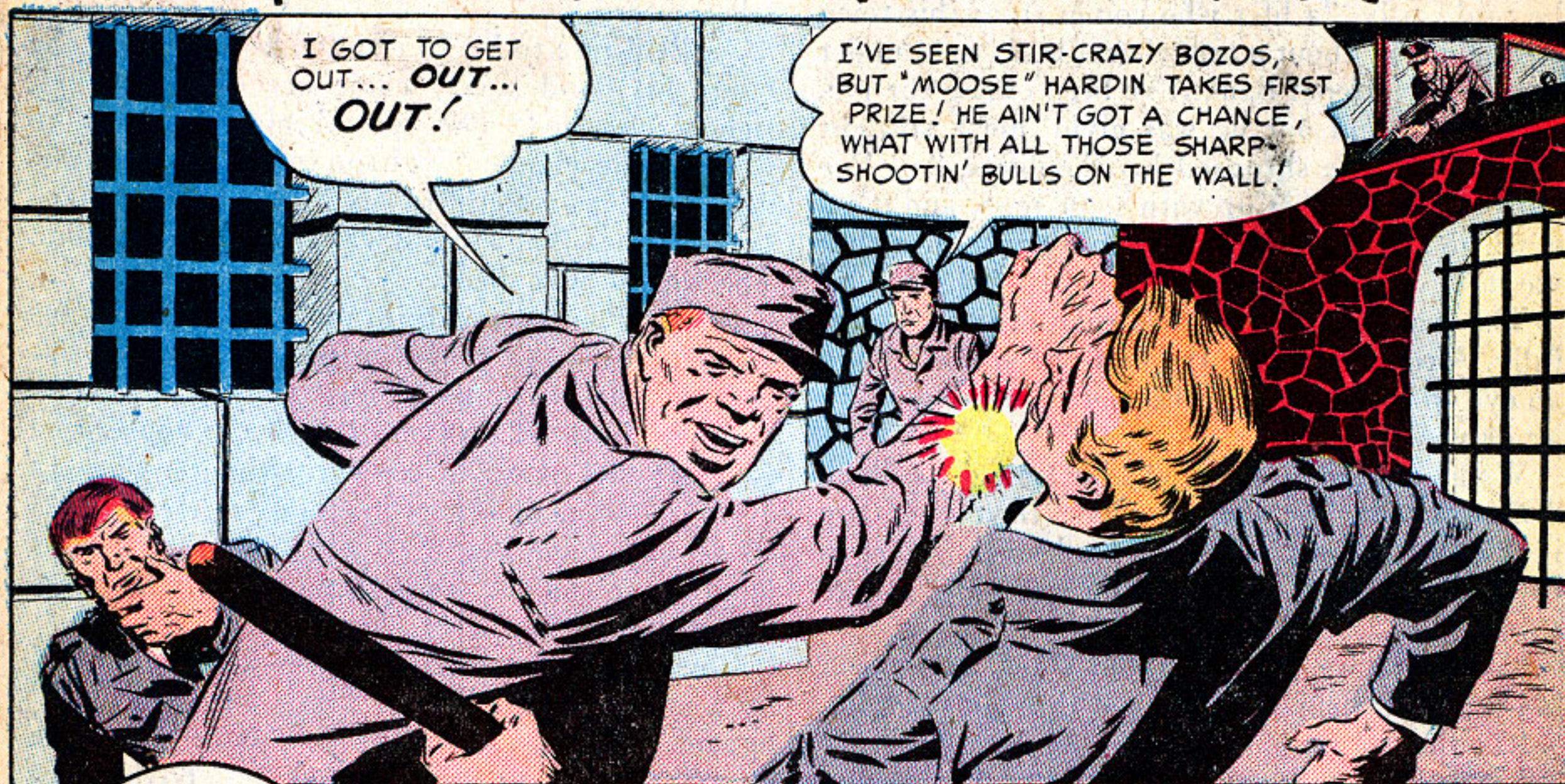
As Miranda was being led out, he shook his head. "How did those dogs break in here?" he moaned. "Why did they pick on this house?"

Chief Bradley smiled. "Maybe you never heard of the Marine Corps' supersonic whistle," he said. "It's so high-pitched that human ears can't hear it, but dogs can, perfectly." He waved to Paul. "Miranda, meet Sgt. Paul White, formerly Major White, US Marines, and soon to be Chief White of the Glendale Police force!"

THE END

THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS
in MURDERER'S NIGHTMARE!



"JUSTICE, FREEDOM AND LIFE ITSELF WERE THE STAKES AS I PROBED THE SECRET THAT TERRIFIED CONVICT HENRY 'MOOSE' HARDIN, A MAN SO OBSESSED BY FEAR THAT HE CHOSE THE BLACK HOLE OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT RATHER THAN REVEAL HIS TELL-TALE, MURDEROUS...
NIGHTMARE!"





"AND AS I WATCHED THE SCENE FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW, I, TOO, WONDERED ABOUT MOOSE..."

STRANGE! MOOSE HARDIN WAS ALWAYS A WELL-BEHAVED SWAGGERING CON. IT ISN'T LIKE HIM TO GO BERSERK! HE'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

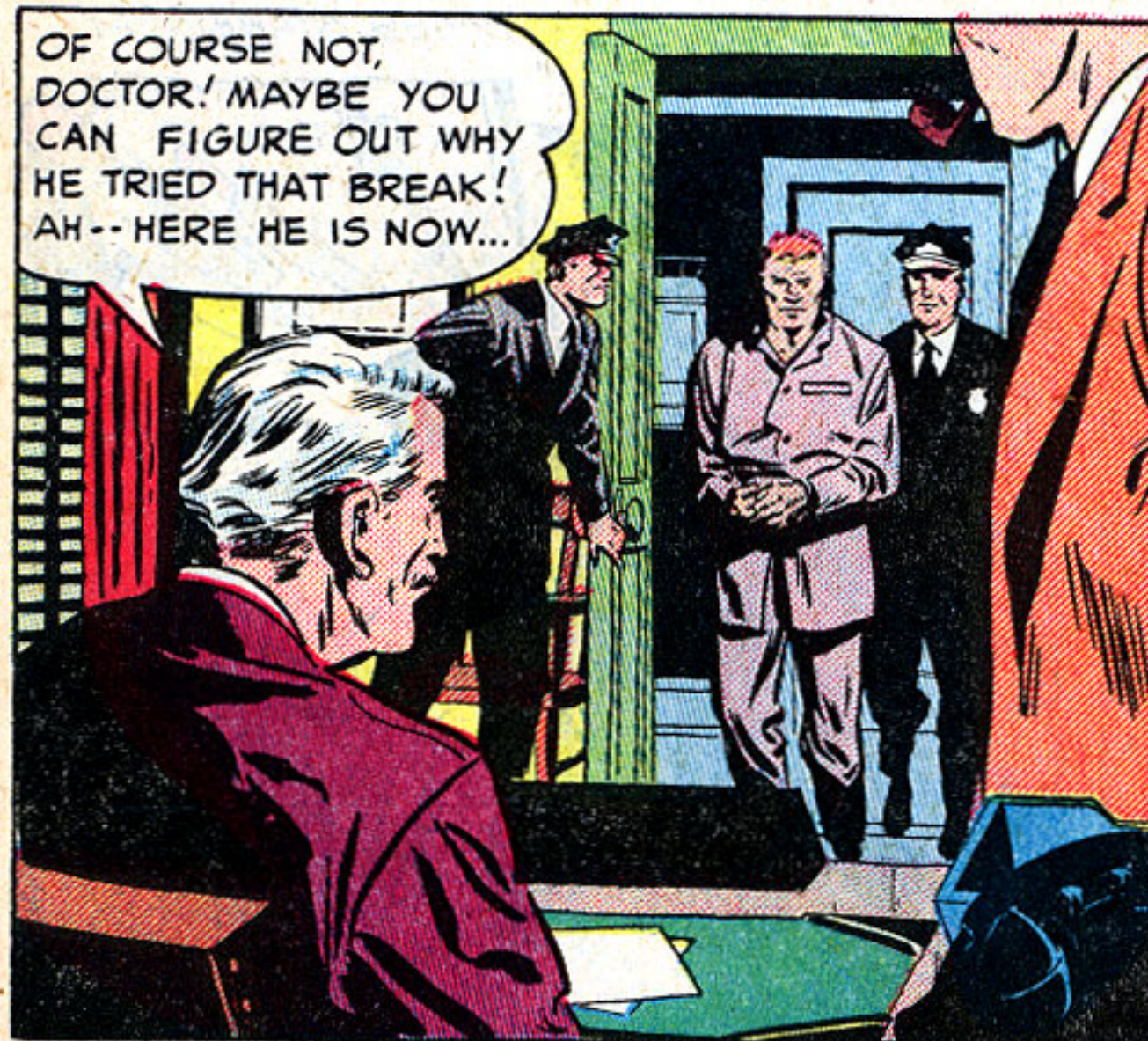


HELLO, DOCTOR. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

THEY'RE BRINGING MOOSE HARDIN TO YOU, WARDEN SIMMS. I'D LIKE TO SIT IN-- IF YOU DON'T MIND!

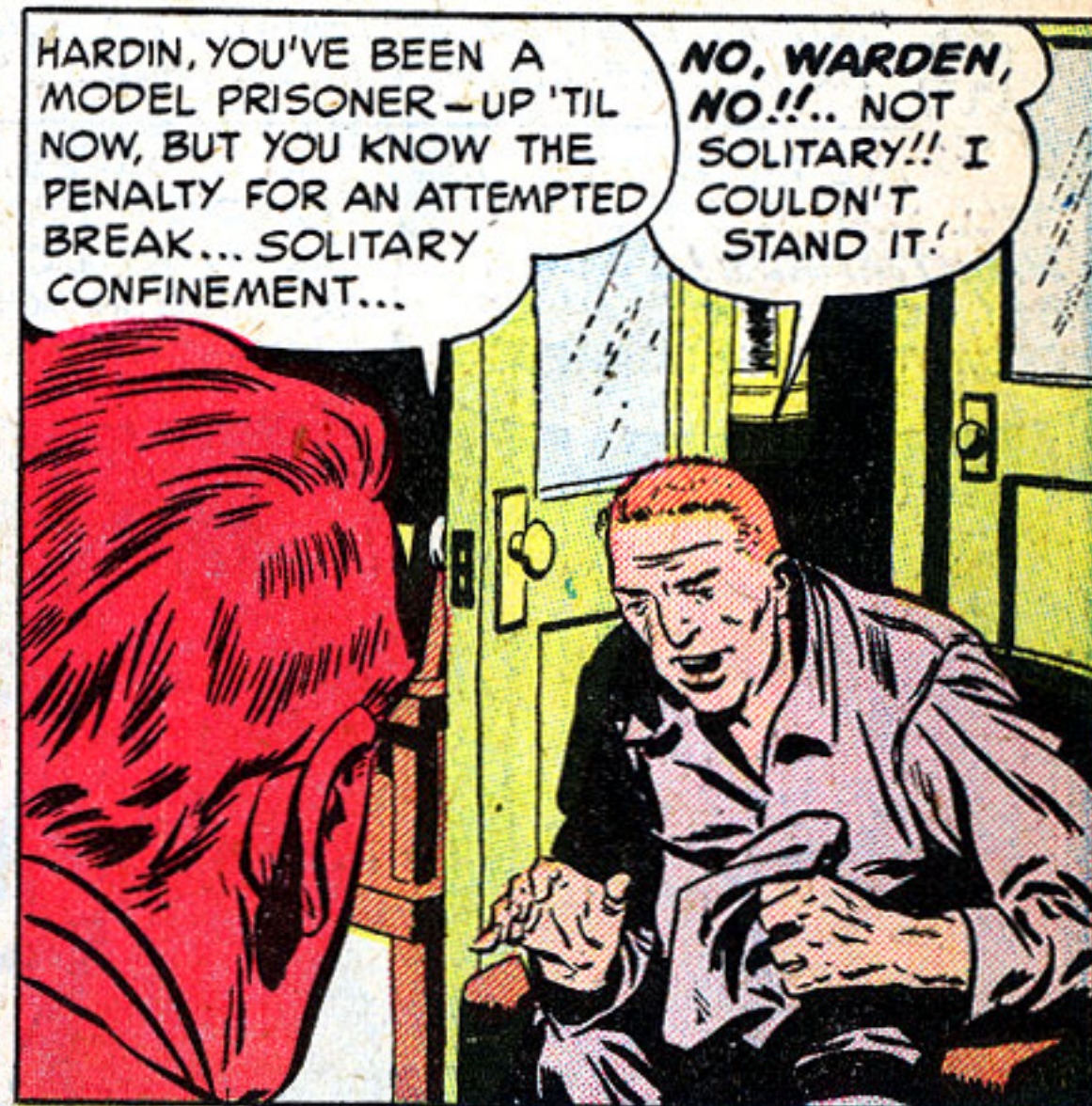


OF COURSE NOT, DOCTOR! MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT WHY HE TRIED THAT BREAK! AH-- HERE HE IS NOW...



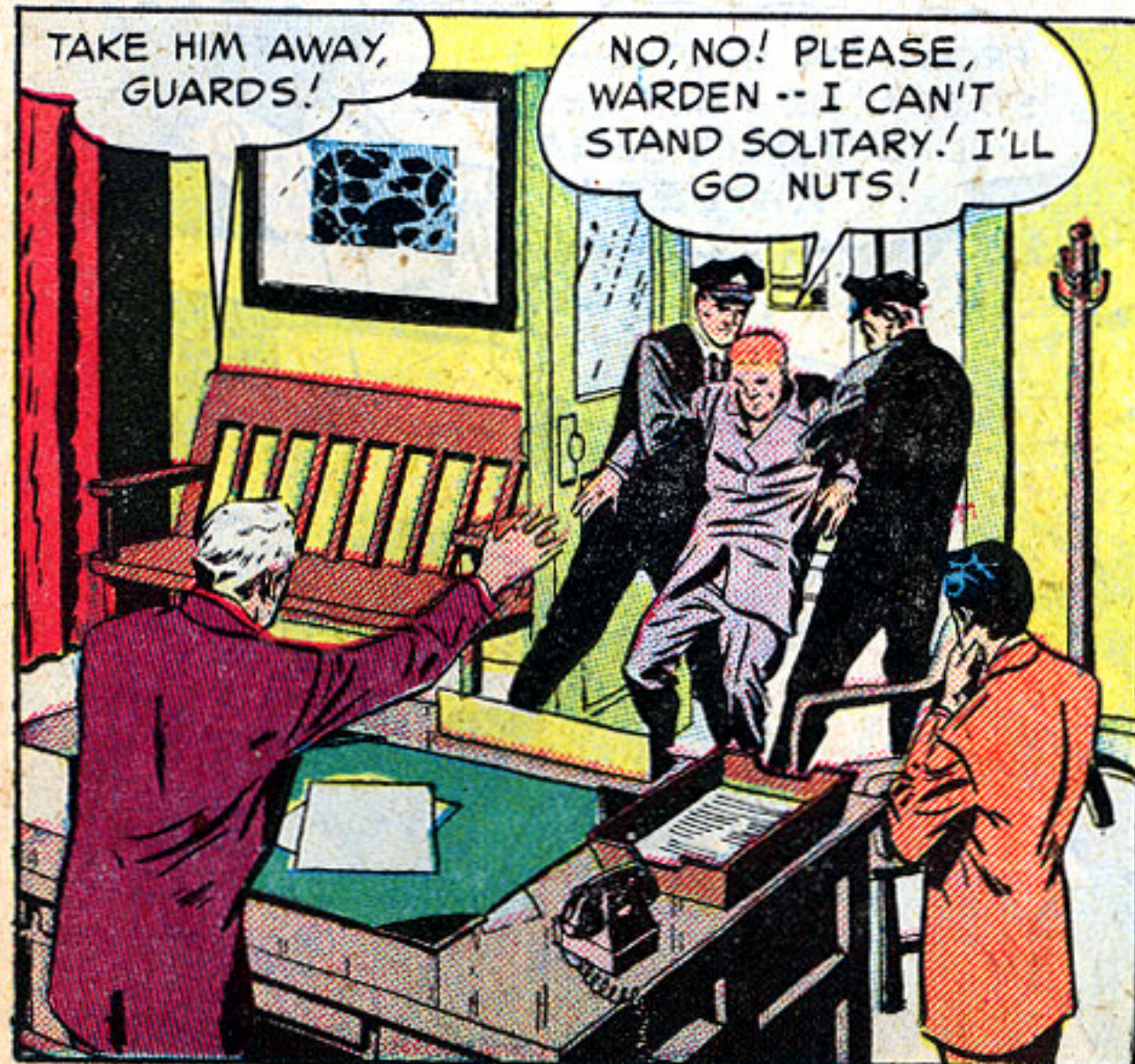
HARDIN, YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER--UP 'TIL NOW, BUT YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR AN ATTEMPTED BREAK... SOLITARY CONFINEMENT...

NO, WARDEN, NO!!! NOT SOLITARY!! I COULDN'T STAND IT!



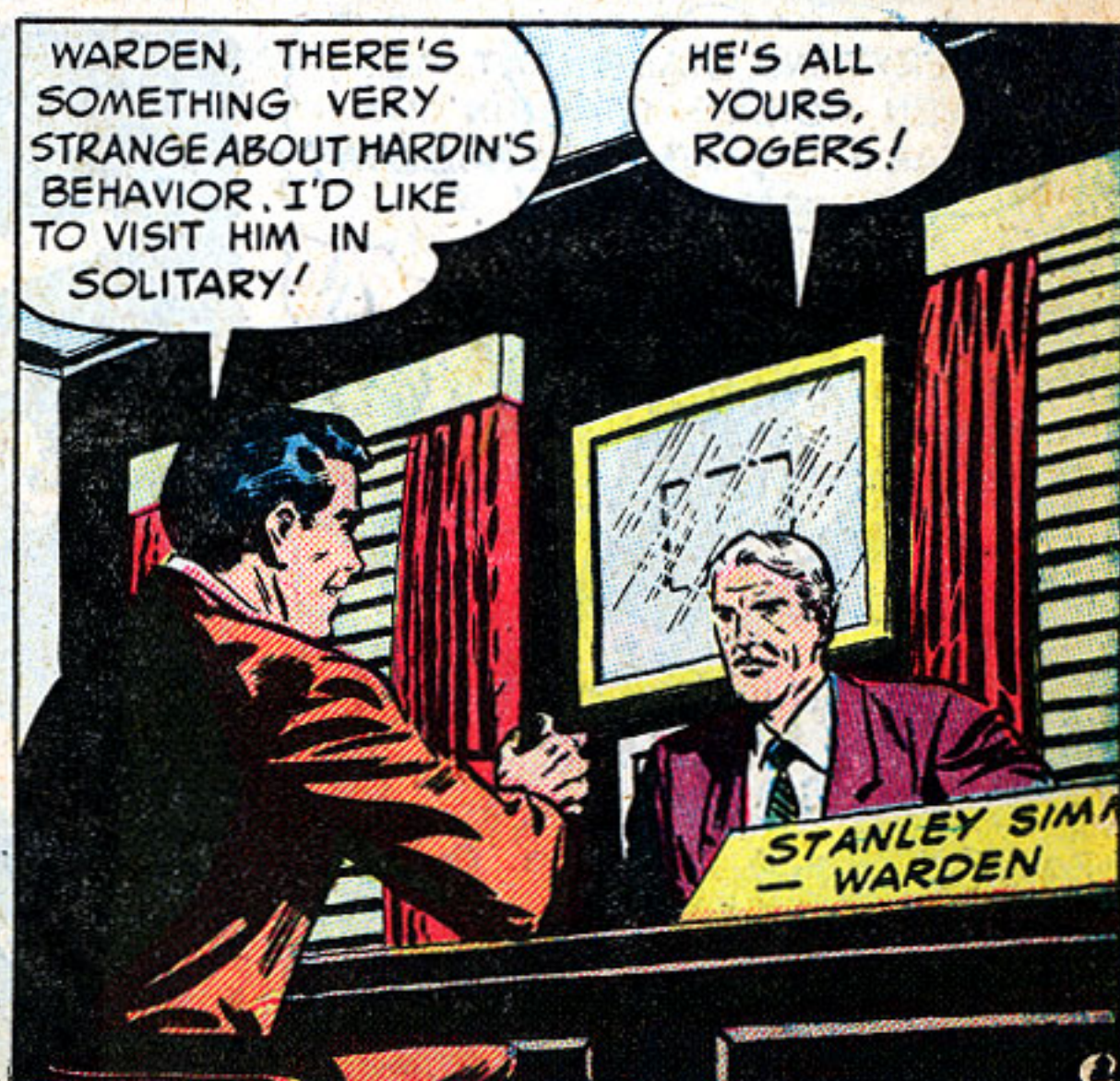
TAKE HIM AWAY, GUARDS!

NO, NO! PLEASE, WARDEN-- I CAN'T STAND SOLITARY! I'LL GO NUTS!



WARDEN, THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT HARDIN'S BEHAVIOR. I'D LIKE TO VISIT HIM IN SOLITARY!

HE'S ALL YOURS, ROGERS!



"LATER..."

I WANT TO HELP YOU, HARDIN. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

AFRAID? WHO, ME? I AIN'T AFRAID OF NOTHIN', DOC!



SURE, YOU'RE AFRAID... AFRAID TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK. YOU'RE EVEN AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT BE BEHIND YOU IN THE LIGHT...

NO! I HAD ENOUGH OF STIR, THAT'S ALL...



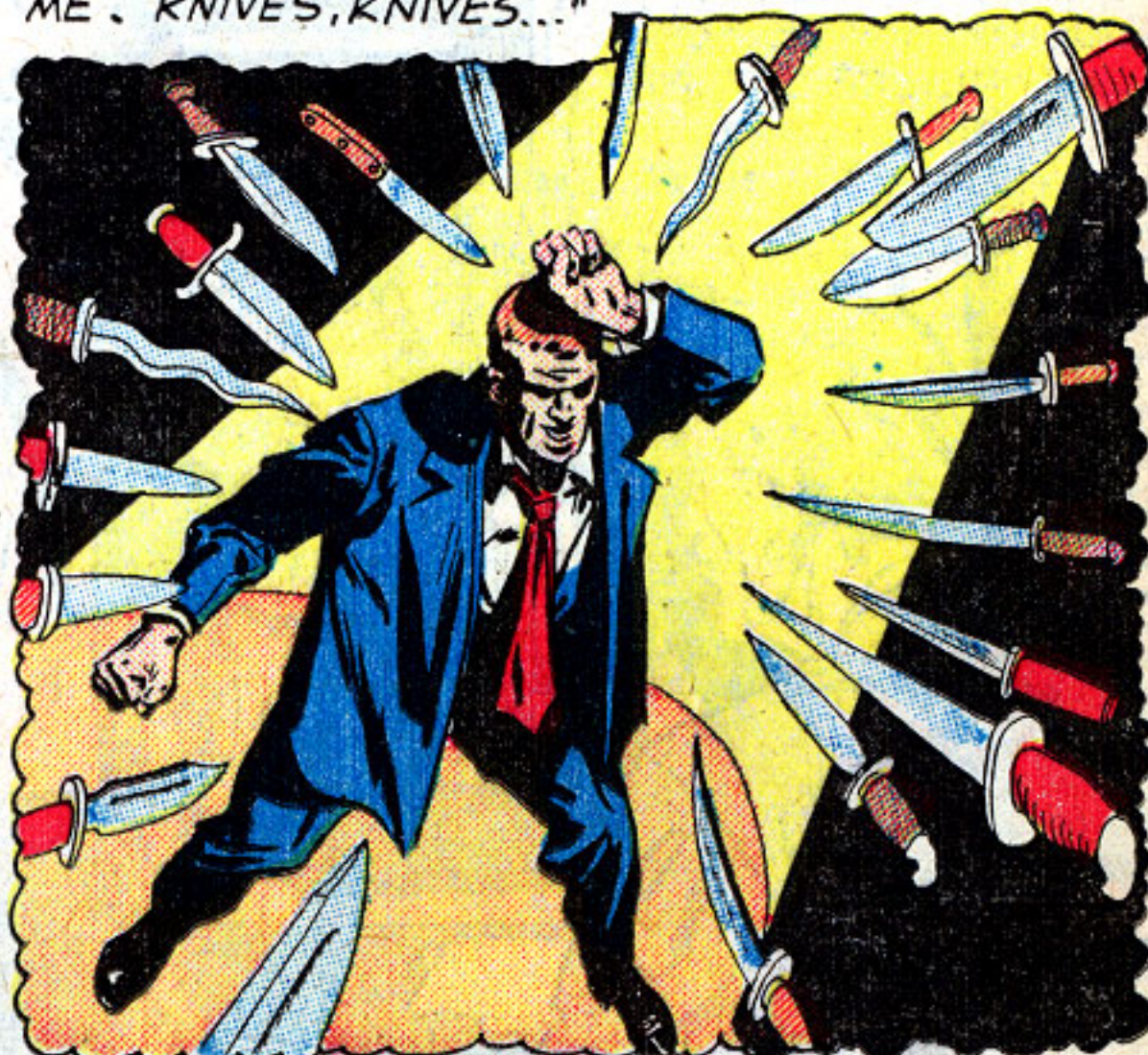
"BUT AT LAST, MY SYSTEMATIC PROBING BROKE THE CONVICT DOWN, AND..."

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU. IT'S THOSE NIGHTMARES! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE... AWAY FROM THE NIGHTMARES...

NIGHTMARES, HARDIN? TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN YOUR NIGHTMARES?



"WHAT DO I SEE, DOC? THINGS STABBIN' AT ME. KNIVES, KNIVES..."

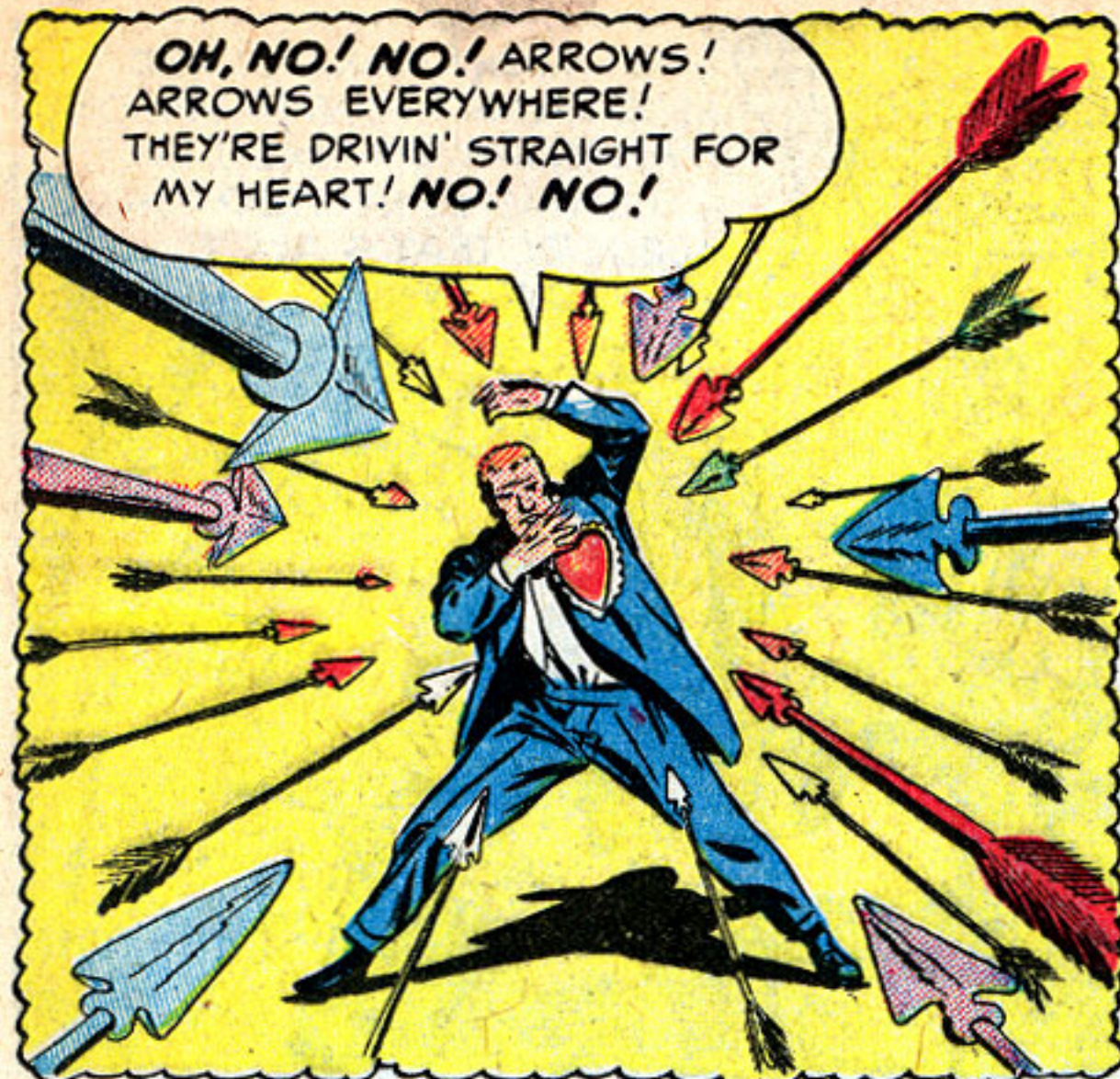


EVERYTHING STABBIN' AT ME! EVEN NOISES STABBIN' MY EARS. STABBIN', STABBIN', STABBIN'...



PROWL CAR SPOTLIGHTS STABBIN' ME -- LIKE KNIVES... LIKE LONG, SHARP KNIVES!!





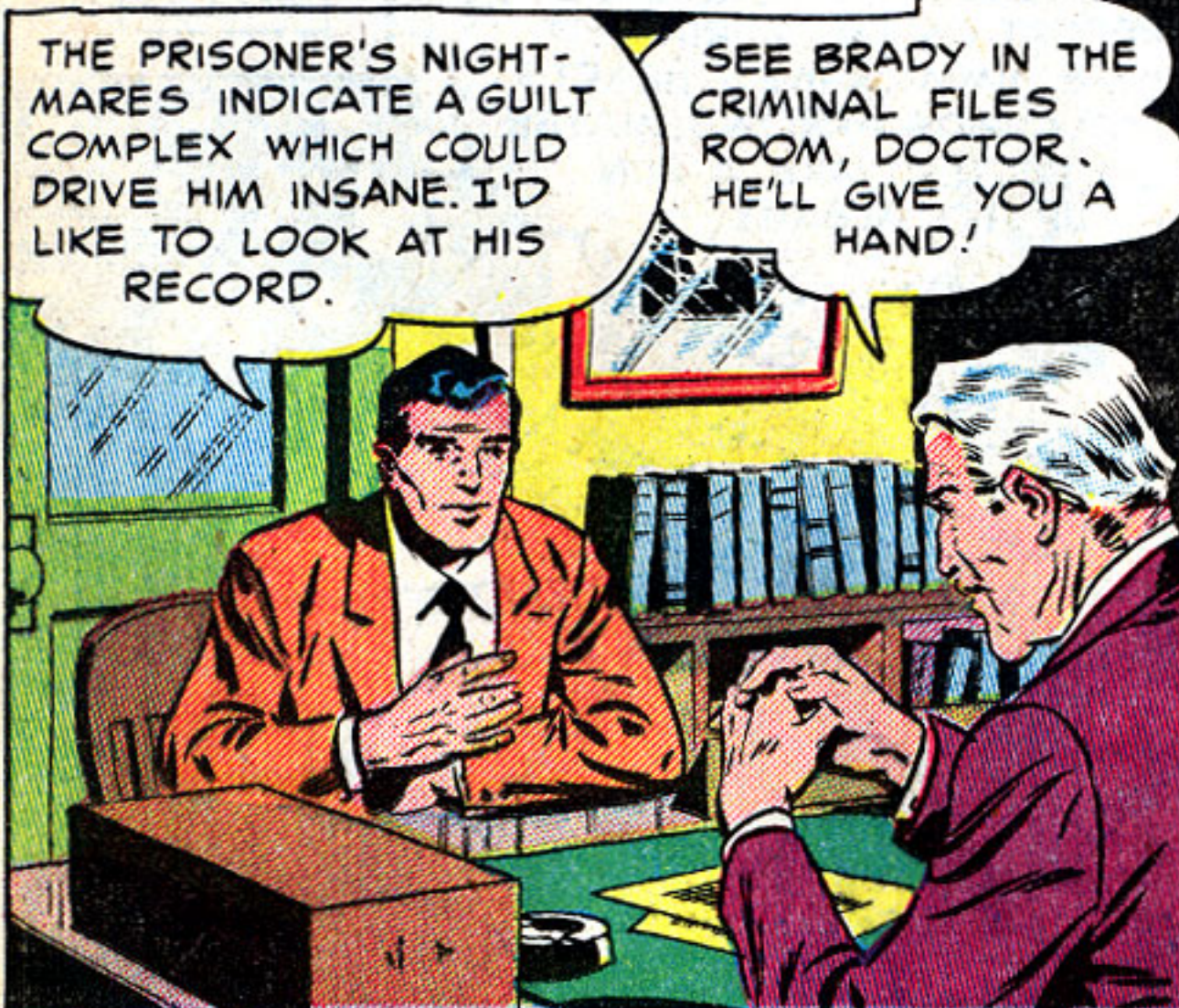
OH, NO! NO! ARROWS!
ARROWS EVERYWHERE!
THEY'RE DRIVIN' STRAIGHT FOR
MY HEART! NO! NO!



YOU GOTTA SPRING ME,
DOC! I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM
THE NIGHTMARES. I CAN'T
STAND IT IN STIR! GET ME
OUT! **GET ME OUT!**

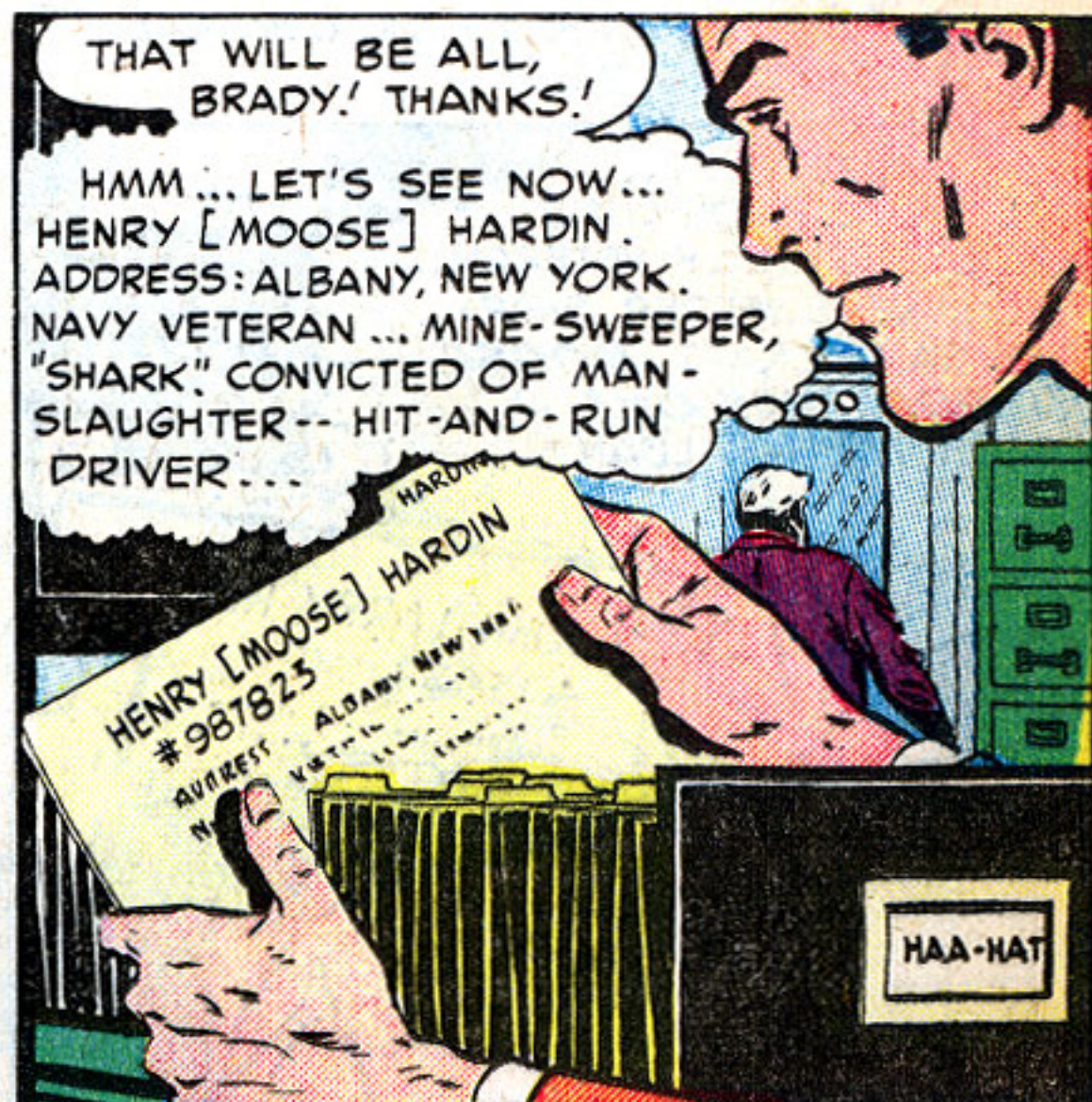
HARDIN, ALL I
CAN PROMISE
IS TO TAKE UP
YOUR CASE WITH
THE WARDEN!

"AND LATER IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE..."



THE PRISONER'S NIGHT-
MARES INDICATE A GUILT
COMPLEX WHICH COULD
DRIVE HIM INSANE. I'D
LIKE TO LOOK AT HIS
RECORD.

SEE BRADY IN THE
CRIMINAL FILES
ROOM, DOCTOR.
HE'LL GIVE YOU A
HAND!



THAT WILL BE ALL,
BRADY! THANKS!

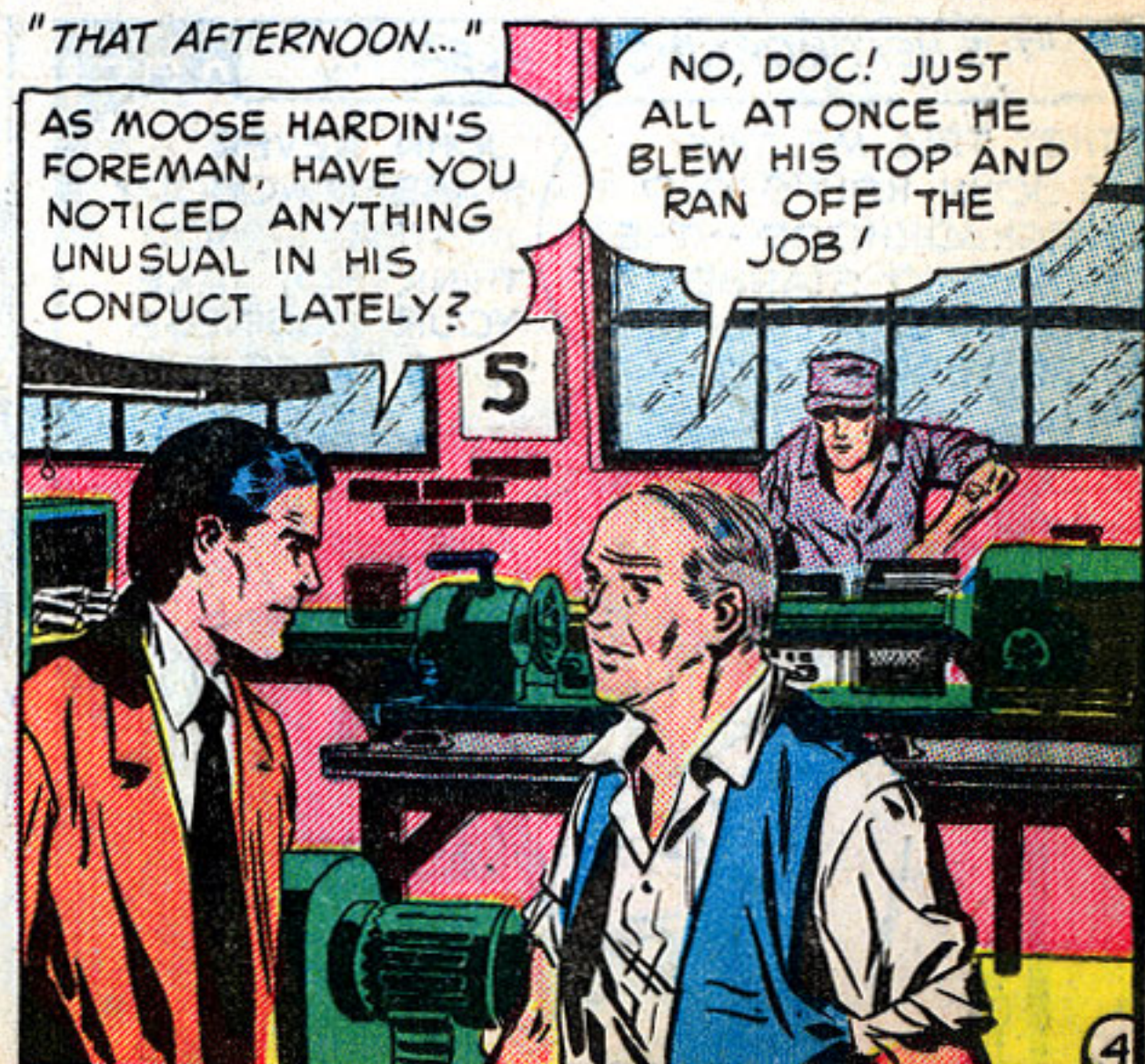
HMM... LET'S SEE NOW...
HENRY [MOOSE] HARDIN.
ADDRESS: ALBANY, NEW YORK.
NAVY VETERAN... MINE-SWEEPER,
"SHARK" CONVICTED OF MAN-
SLAUGHTER-- HIT-AND-RUN
DRIVER...

HARDIN
HENRY [MOOSE] HARDIN
#987825
ADDRESS: ALBANY, NEW YORK
NAVY VETERAN... MINE-SWEEPER...

HAA-HAT



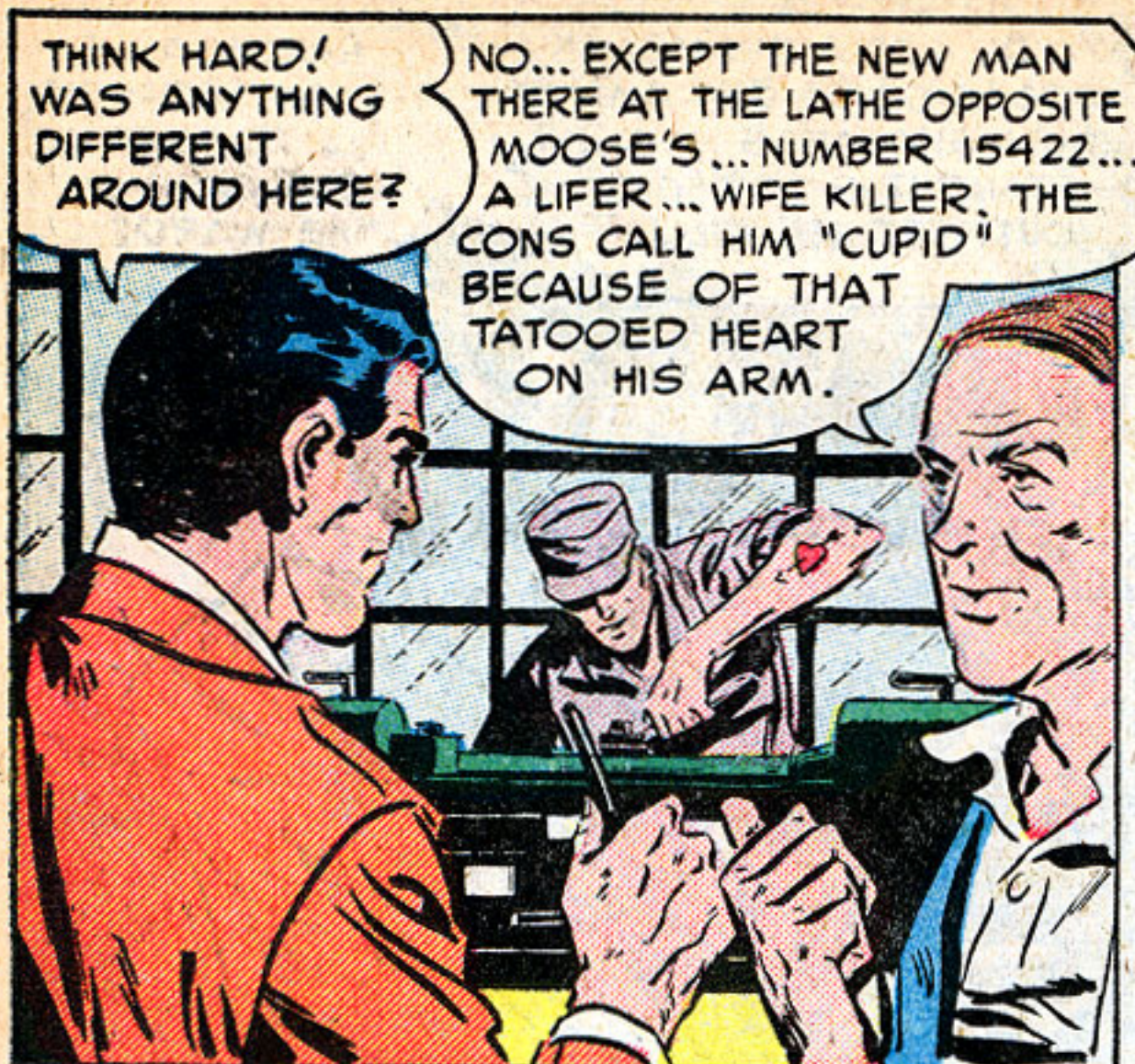
HIS GUILT **COULD**
STEM FROM THIS
EXPERIENCE, BUT IT
DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE
KNIVES-- THE ARROWS.
NO, IT GOES DEEPER! I'D
BETTER TALK TO HIS
FOREMAN AT THE
PRISON FOUNDRY...



"THAT AFTERNOON..."

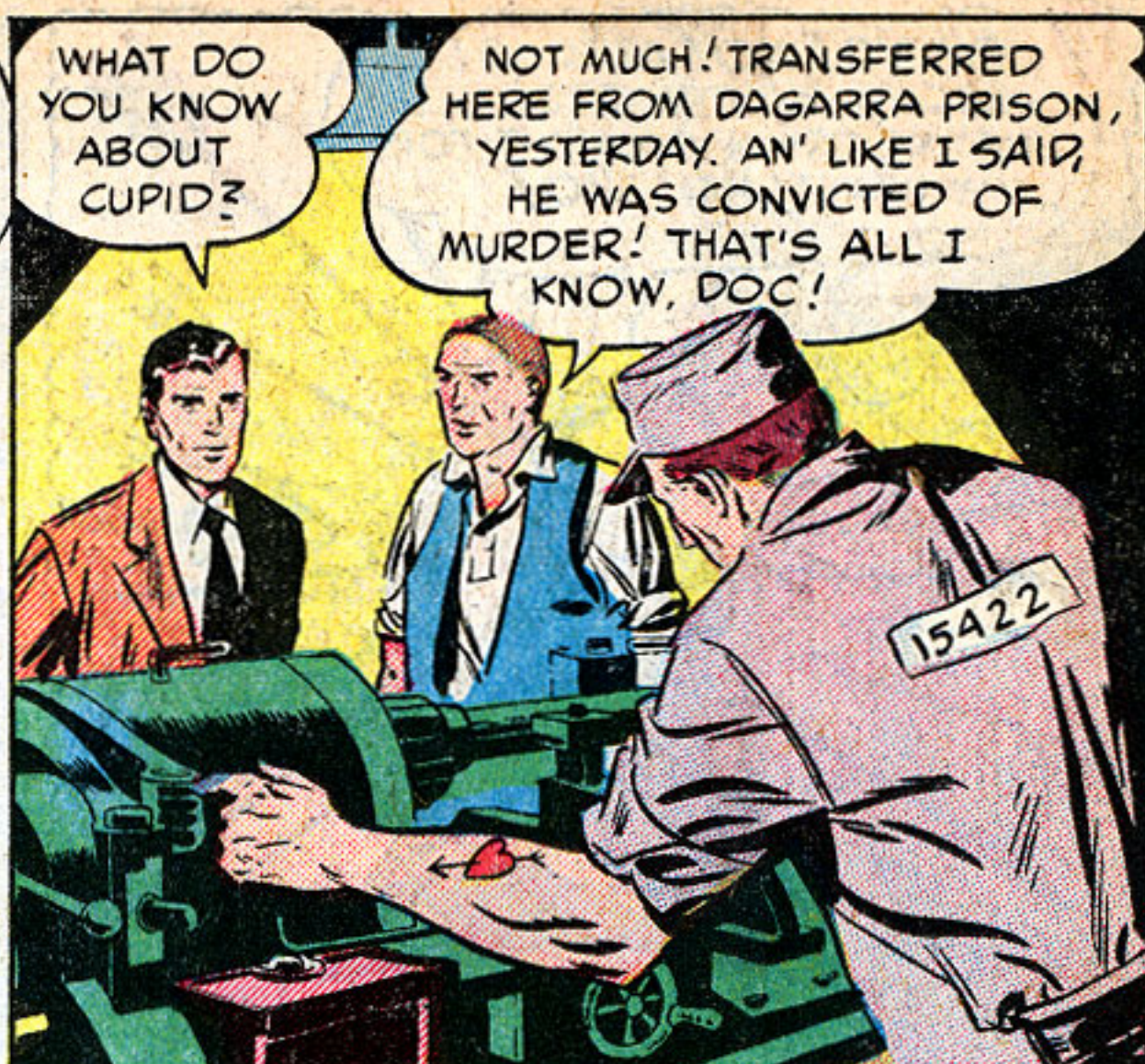
AS MOOSE HARDIN'S
FOREMAN, HAVE YOU
NOTICED ANYTHING
UNUSUAL IN HIS
CONDUCT LATELY?

NO, DOC! JUST
ALL AT ONCE HE
BLEW HIS TOP AND
RAN OFF THE
JOB!



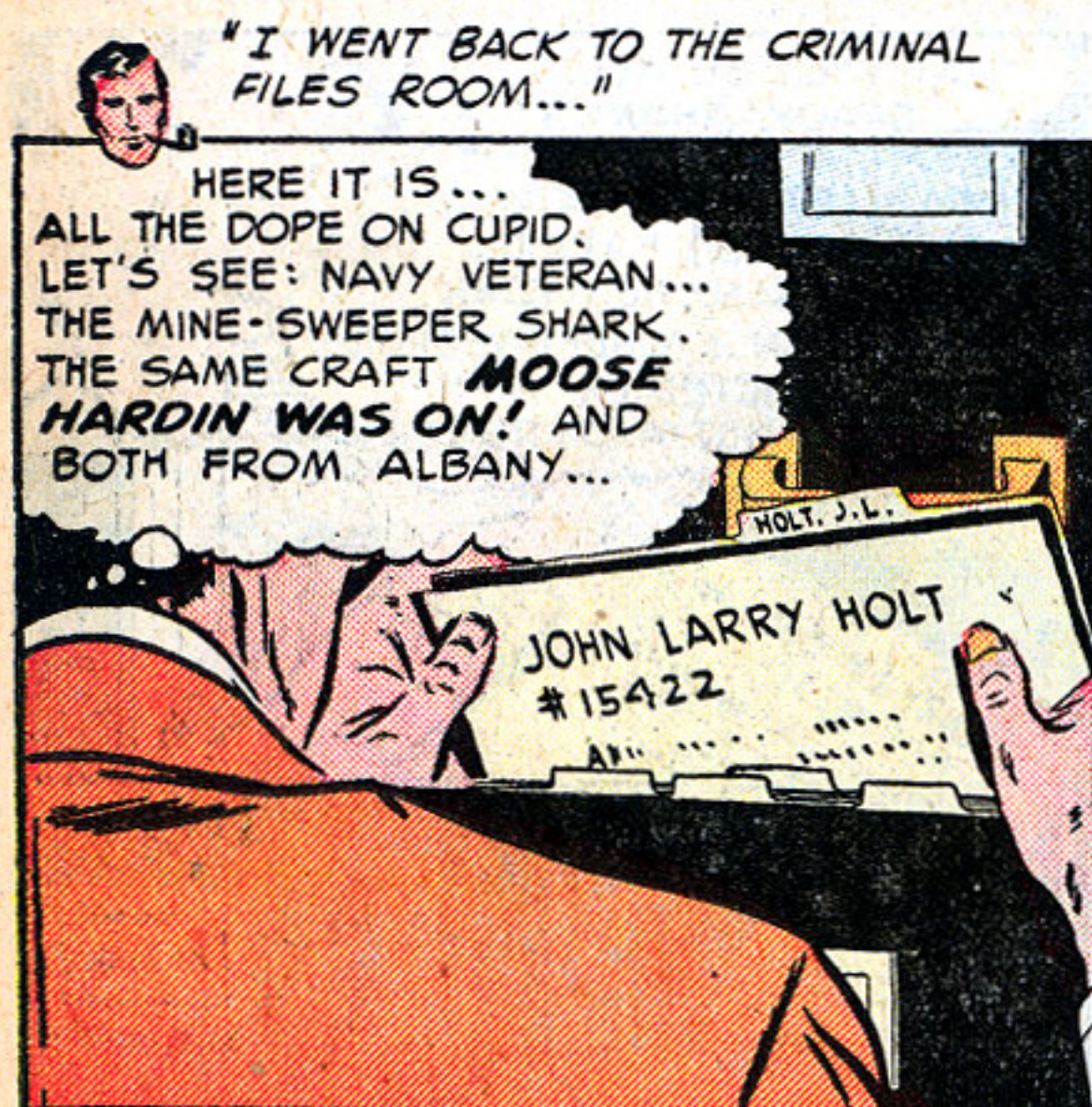
THINK HARD!
WAS ANYTHING
DIFFERENT
AROUND HERE?

NO... EXCEPT THE NEW MAN
THERE AT THE LATHE OPPOSITE
MOOSE'S... NUMBER 15422...
A LIFER... WIFE KILLER. THE
CONS CALL HIM "CUPID"
BECAUSE OF THAT
TATOOED HEART
ON HIS ARM.



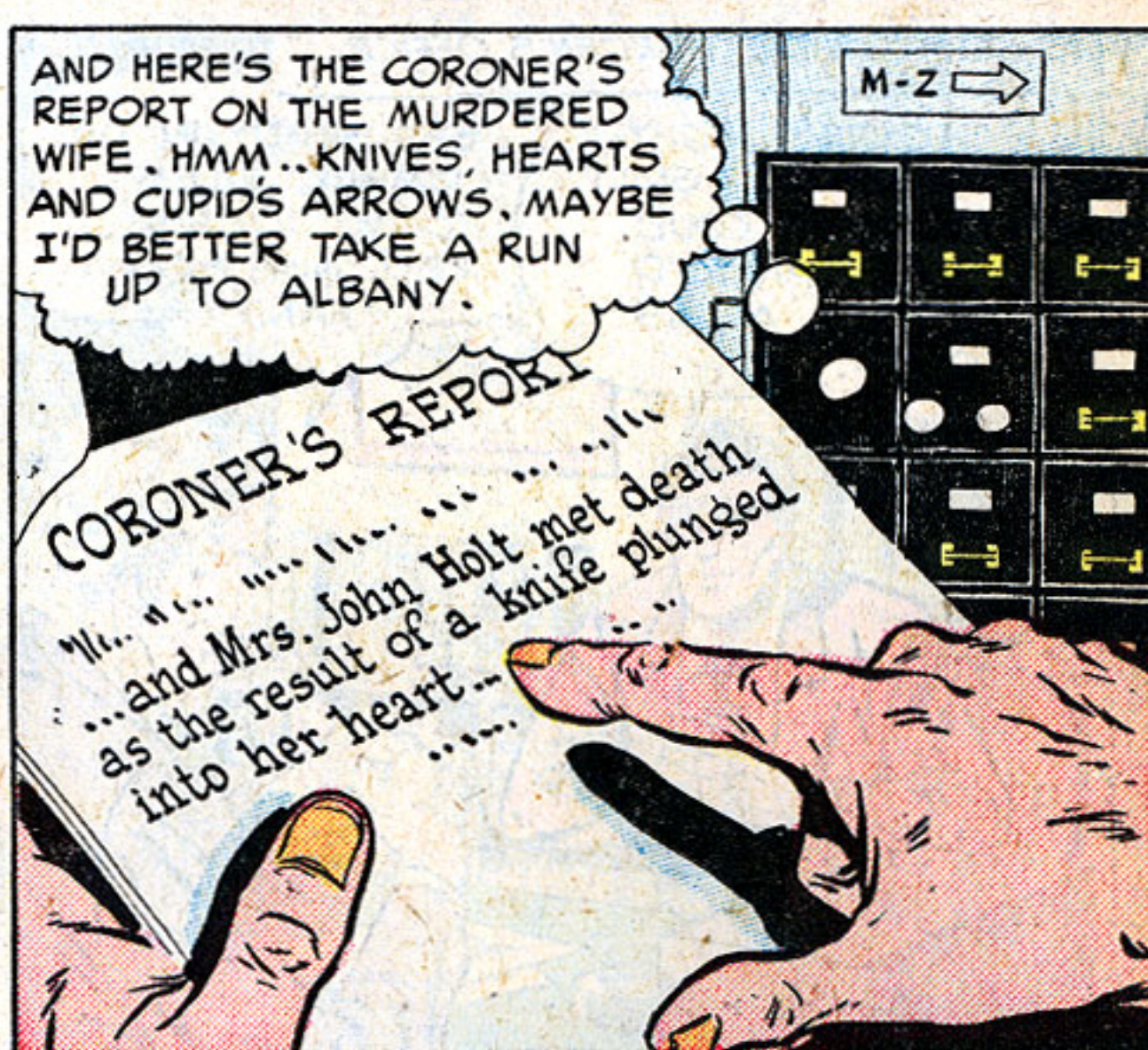
WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
ABOUT
CUPID?

NOT MUCH! TRANSFERRED
HERE FROM DAGARRA PRISON,
YESTERDAY. AN' LIKE I SAID,
HE WAS CONVICTED OF
MURDER! THAT'S ALL I
KNOW, DOC!



"I WENT BACK TO THE CRIMINAL
FILES ROOM..."

HERE IT IS...
ALL THE DOPE ON CUPID.
LET'S SEE: NAVY VETERAN...
THE MINE-SWEEPER SHARK...
THE SAME CRAFT **MOOSE
HARDIN WAS ON!** AND
BOTH FROM ALBANY...



AND HERE'S THE CORONER'S
REPORT ON THE MURDERED
WIFE. HMM... KNIVES, HEARTS
AND CUPID'S ARROWS, MAYBE
I'D BETTER TAKE A RUN
UP TO ALBANY.

CORONER'S REPORT
... and Mrs. John Holt met death
as the result of a knife plunged
into her heart ...



"THE NEXT MORNING IN ALBANY..."

THEY TELL ME THIS
IS JOHN HOLT'S OLD
NEIGHBORHOOD -- THE
BOY WHO STABBED
HIS WIFE A COUPLE
OF YEARS AGO --

JOHN NEVER
STABBED NOBODY,
MISTER. IF YOU
THINK SO, TAKE
YOUR BUSINESS
SOME PLACE ELSE!



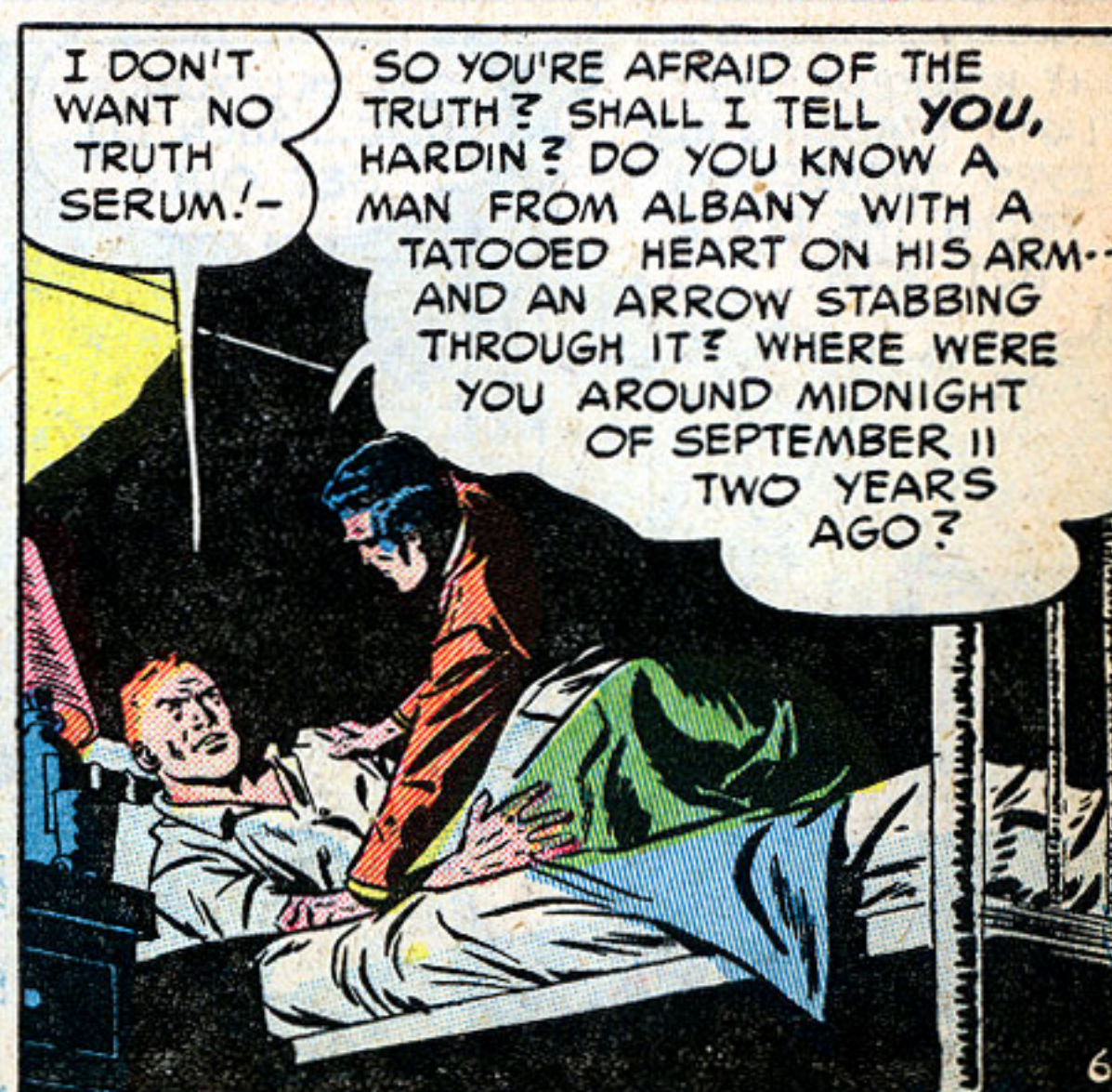
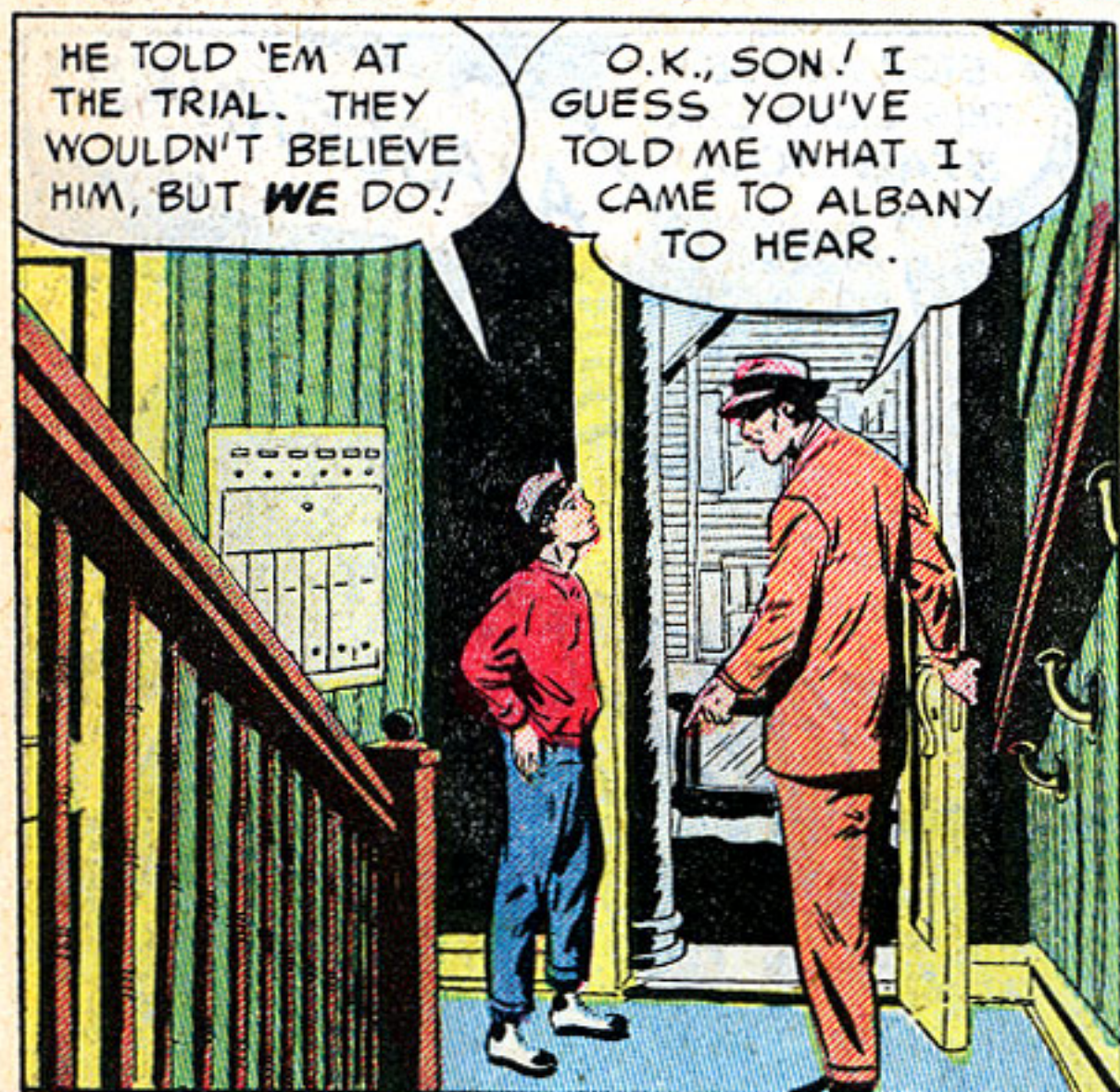
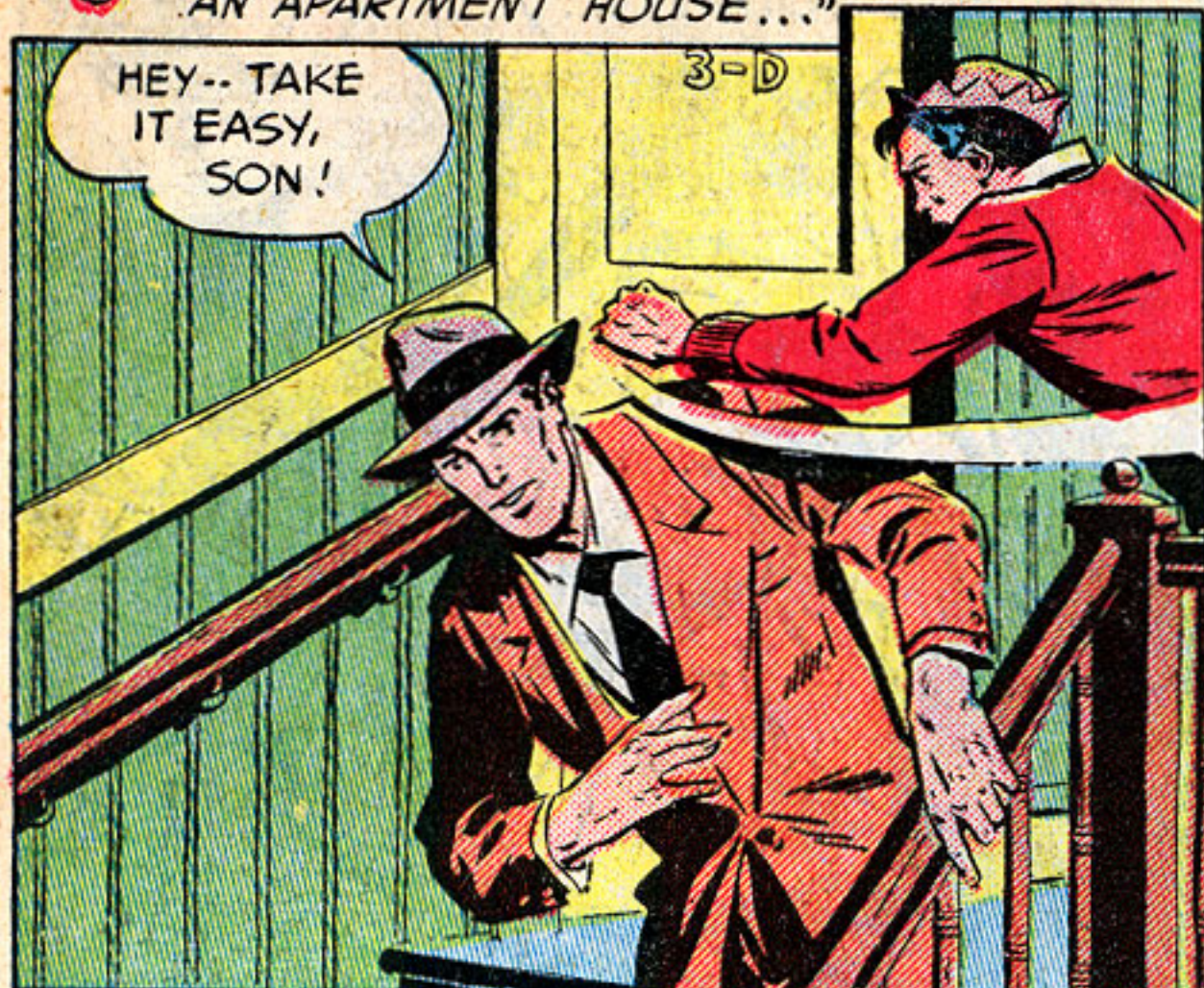
WHEW! HE DIDN'T WASTE
ANY TIME TELLING **ME**
WHERE TO GET OFF!
WELL, I'LL KEEP TRYING!

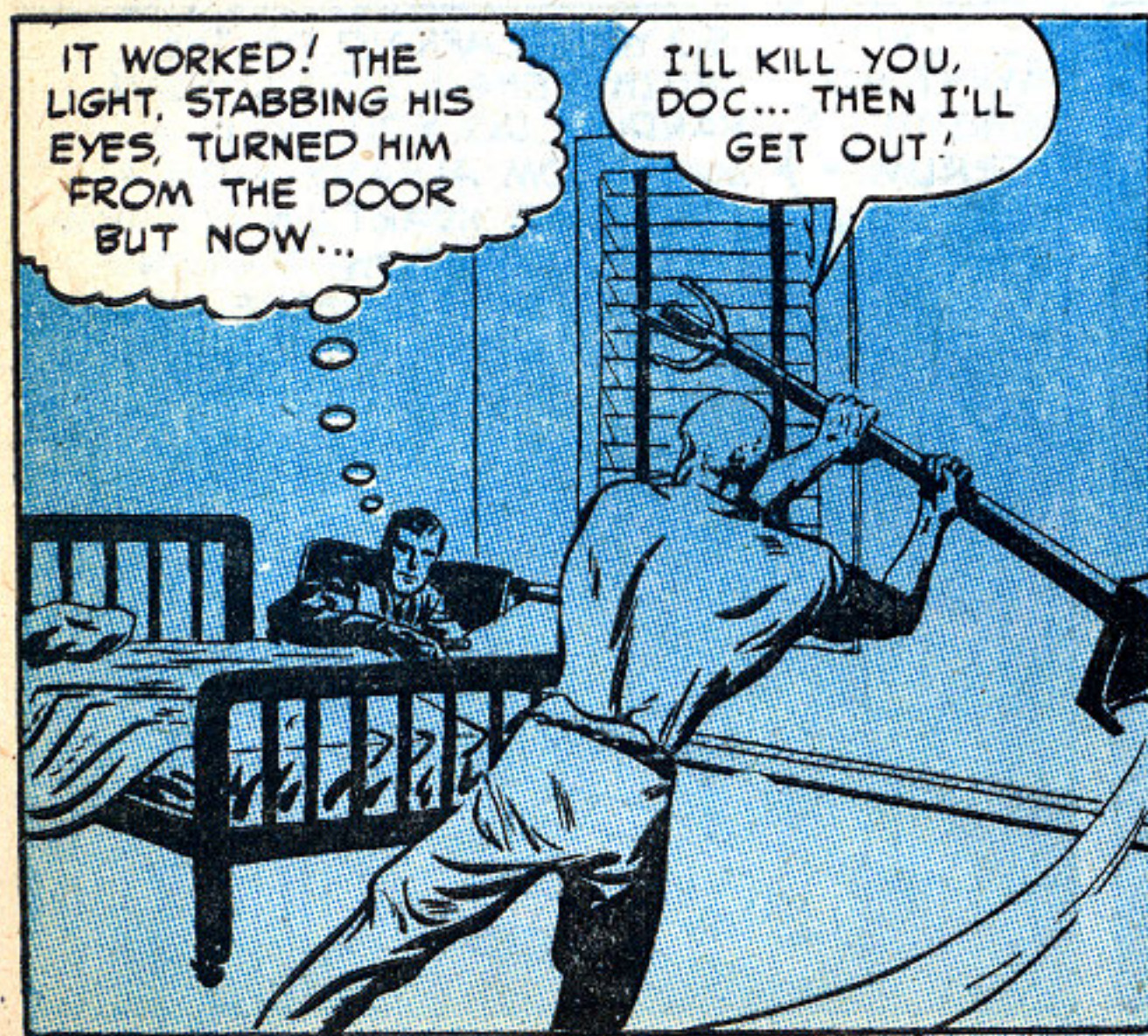
FRUITS - VEG

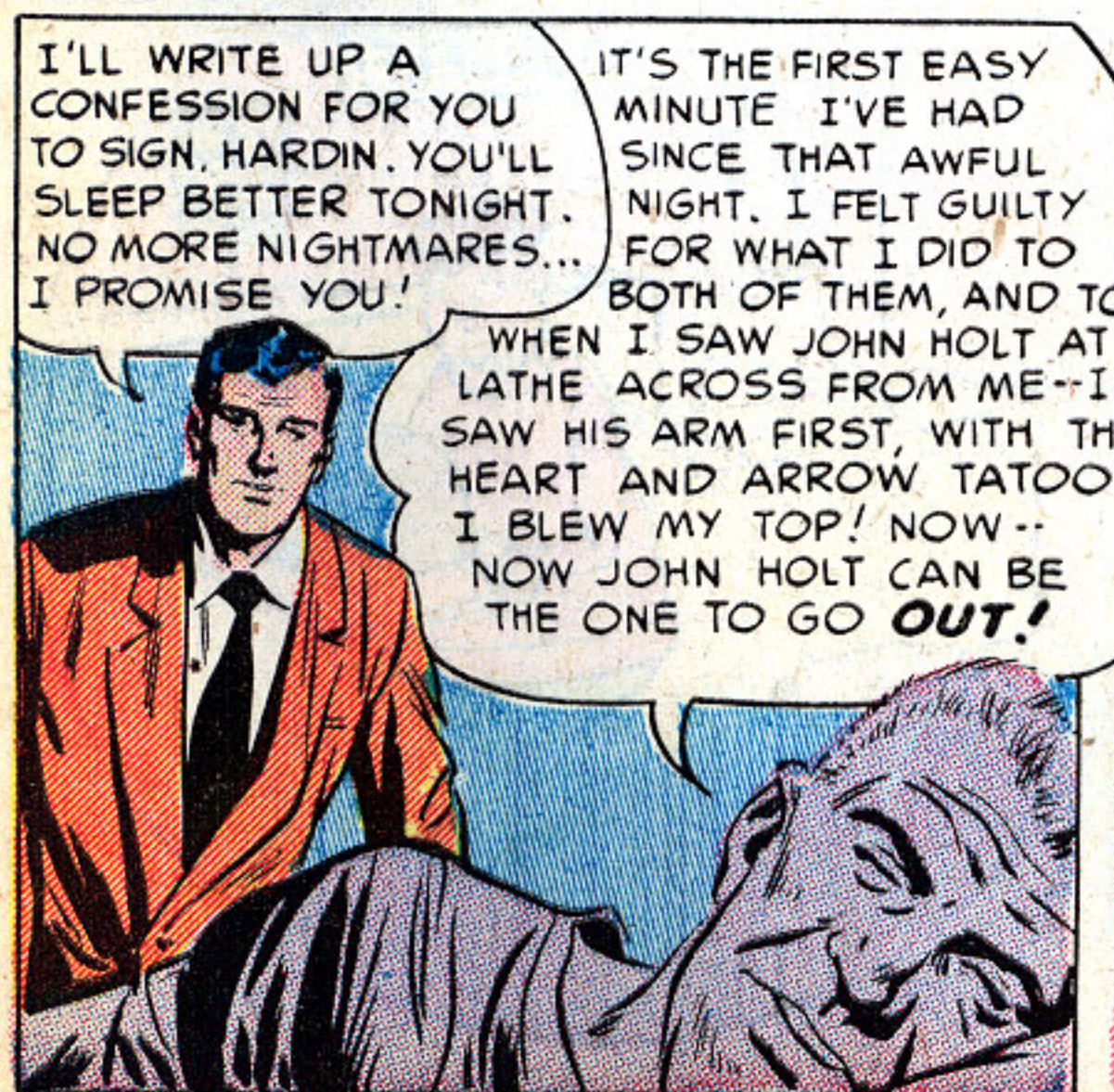
GROCERY



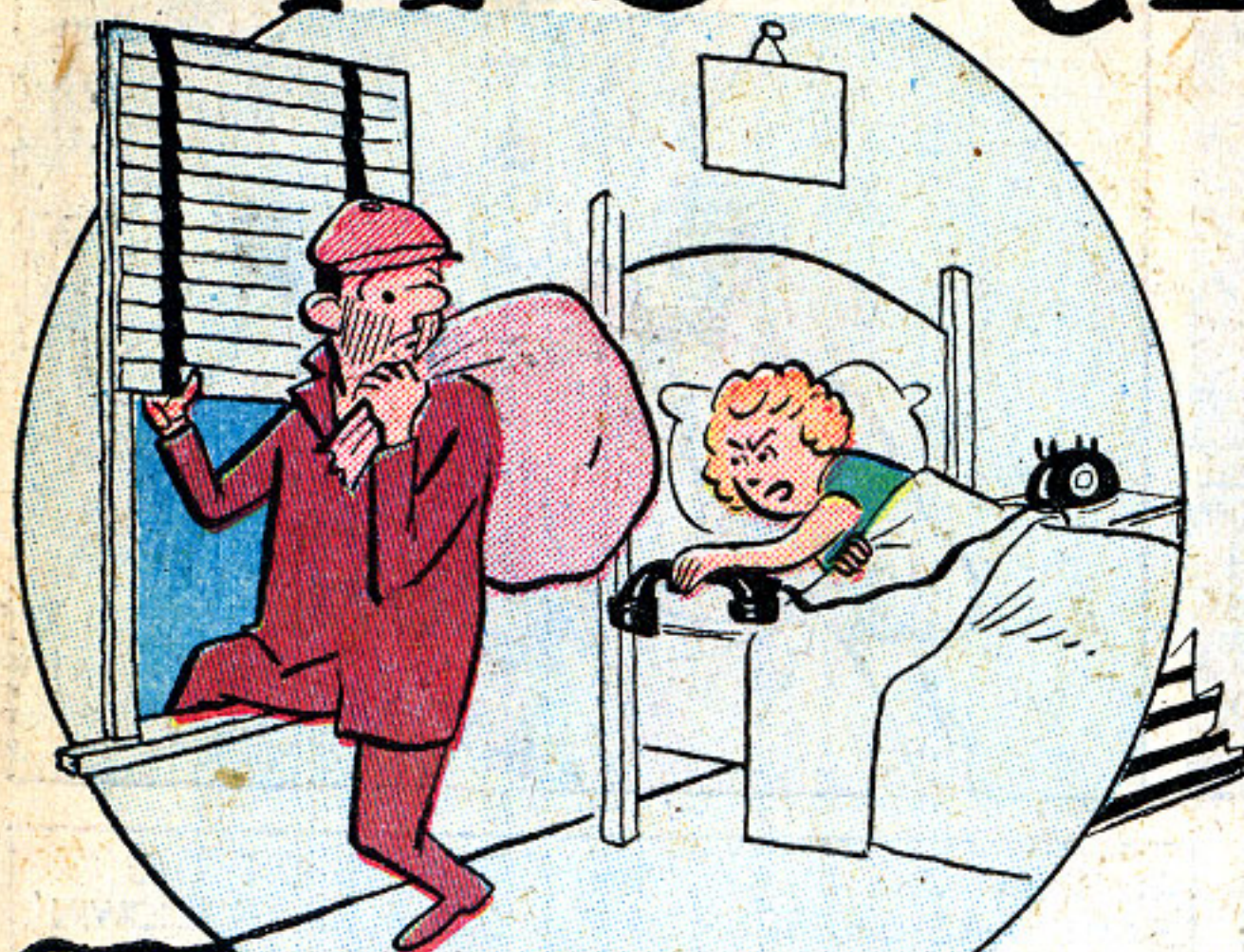
"THE MORNING SPED BY, AND STILL I HAD NO INFORMATION, BUT THEN, AS I ENTERED AN APARTMENT HOUSE..."



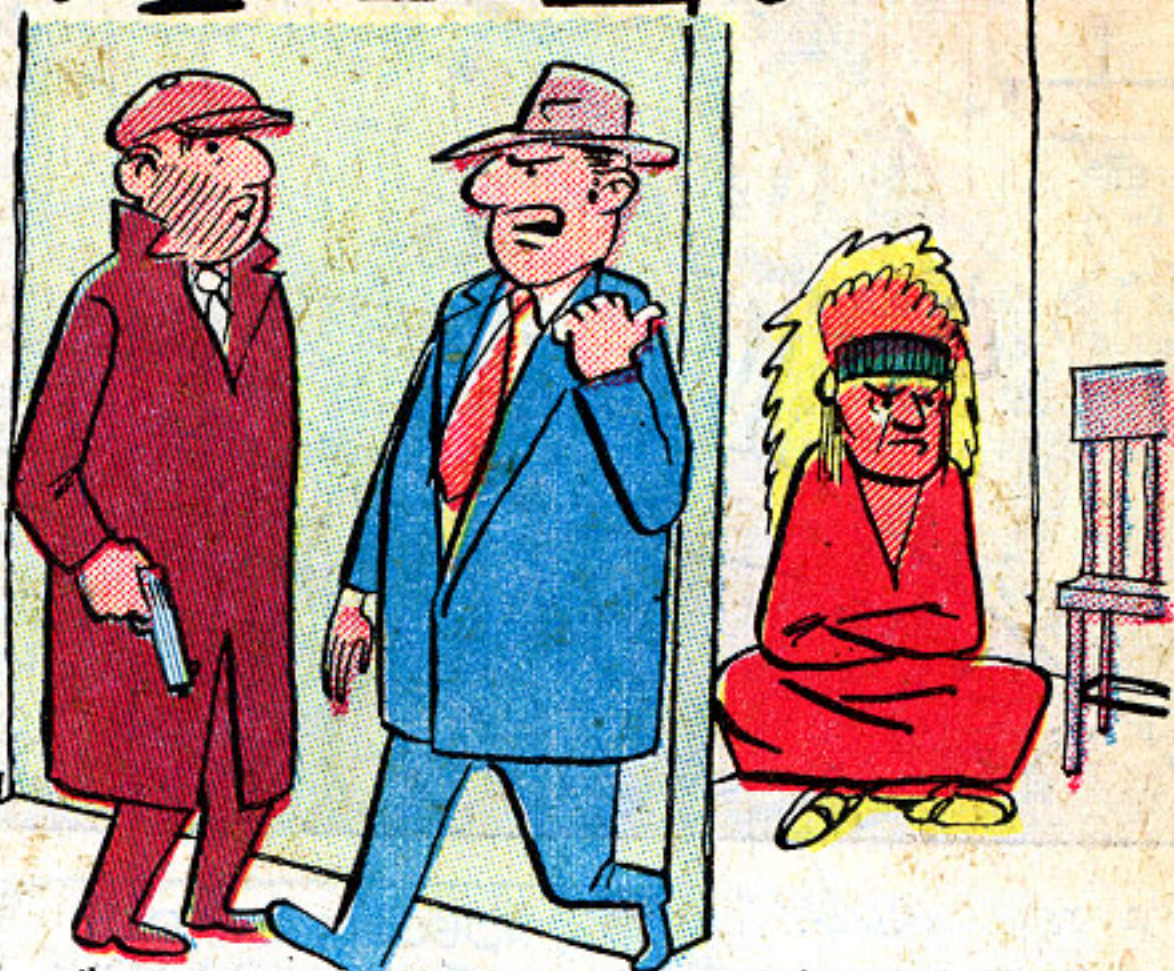




IT'S *a* CRIME!



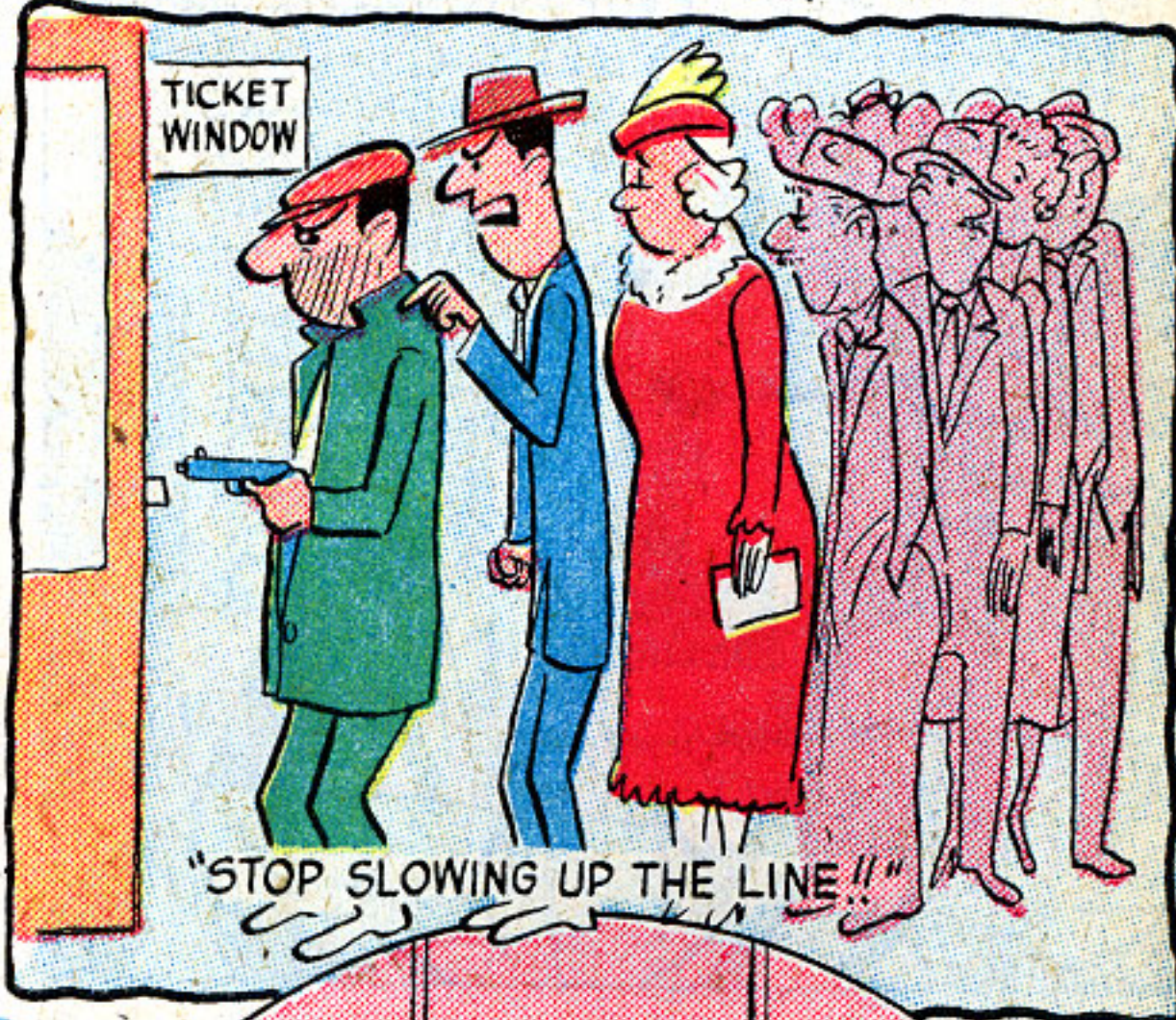
"IT'S FOR YOU!"



"THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU!"



"HOW'S THE BREAD AND WATER TODAY?"



"STOP SLOWING UP THE LINE!!"



"SHHH!"

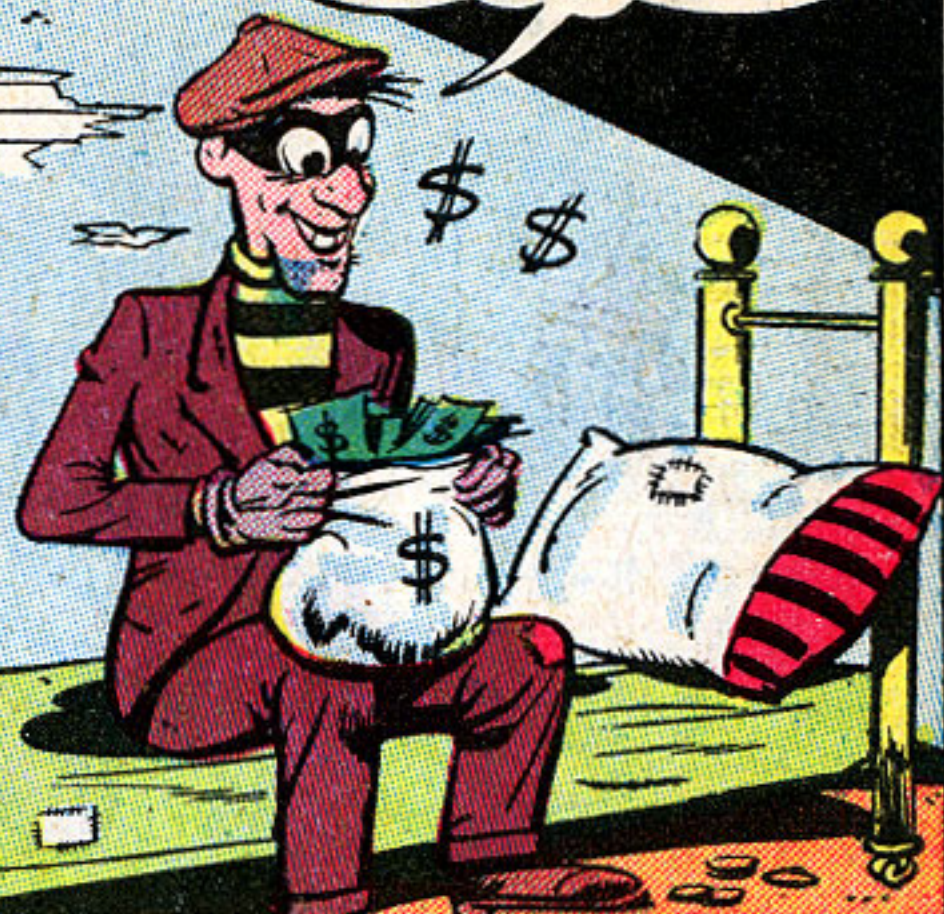


LITMAN

SLIPPERY SLIM

in
SPRING FEVER

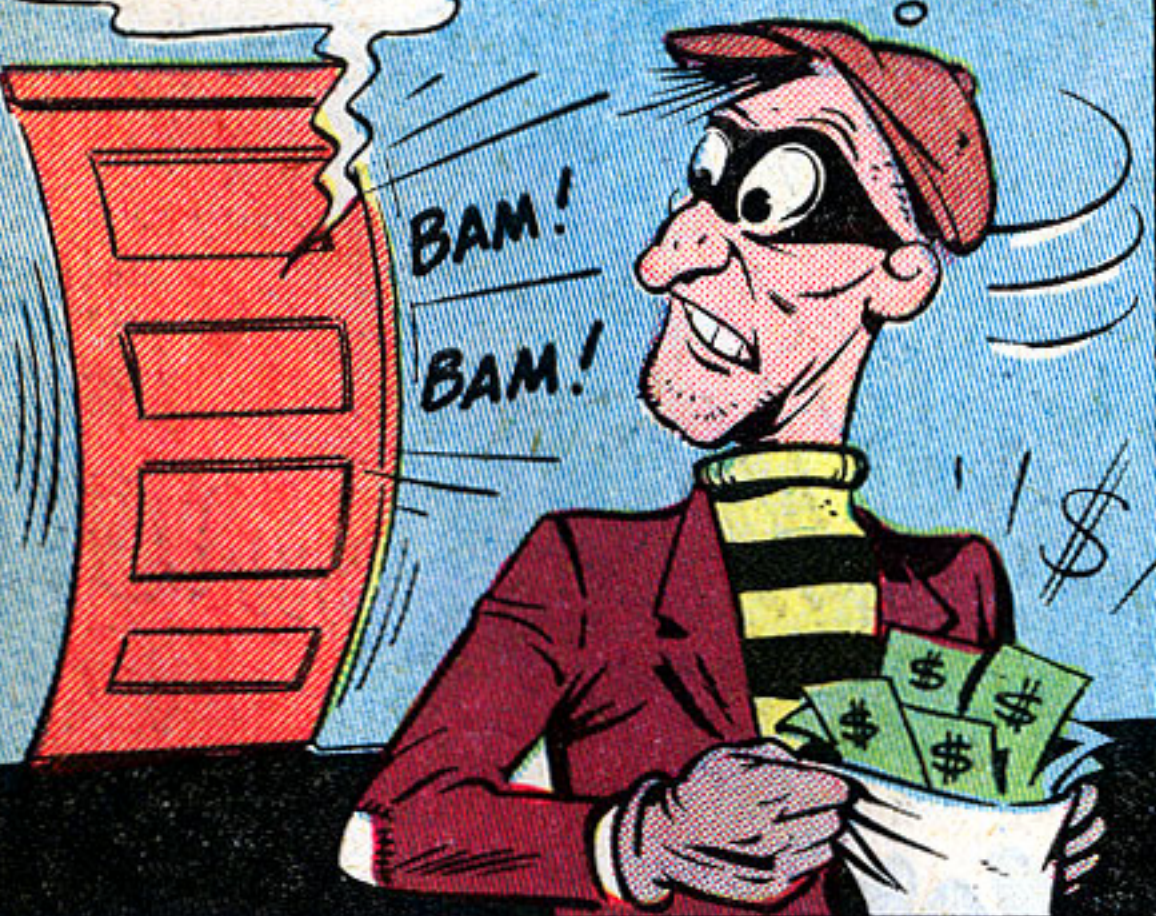
BOY, WHAT A PUSH-OVER
DAT GARAGE WAS! DERE MUST
BE AT LEAST TWO T'OUSAND
BUCKS IN CASH HERE!



OPEN UP, SLIPPERY!!
IT'S THE POLICE!
WE KNOW YOU'RE
IN THERE!

UH-OH!
DE COPPERS!!

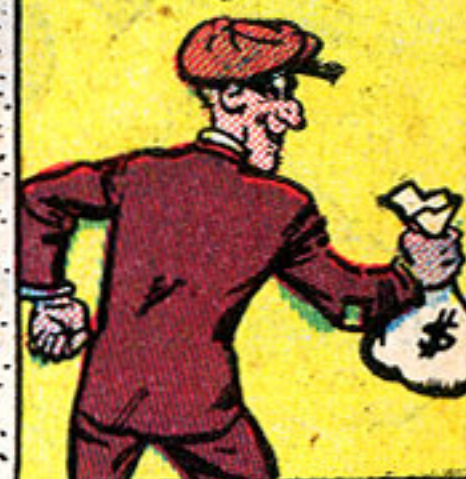
BAM!
BAM!



THIS IS THE 8TH FLOOR, AND WE'VE
GOT THE ONLY DOOR COVERED! HE
CAN'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!!

I DON'T
KNOW! HE'S
PRETTY
TRICKY!

THEY'RE DARN
RIGHT, I'M TRICKY!
JUST WAIT'LL
DEY SEE HOW I
GET OUTA
DIS ONE!

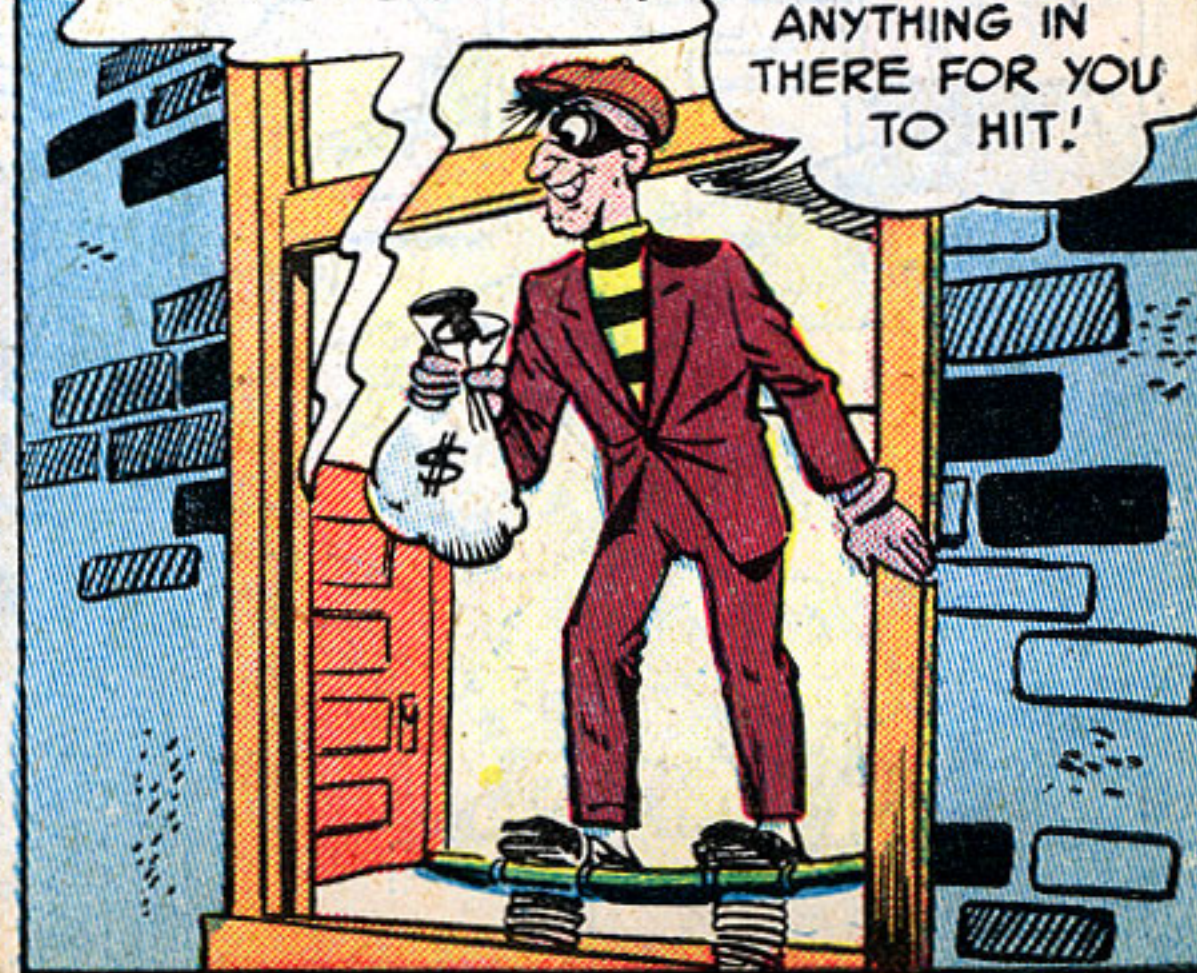


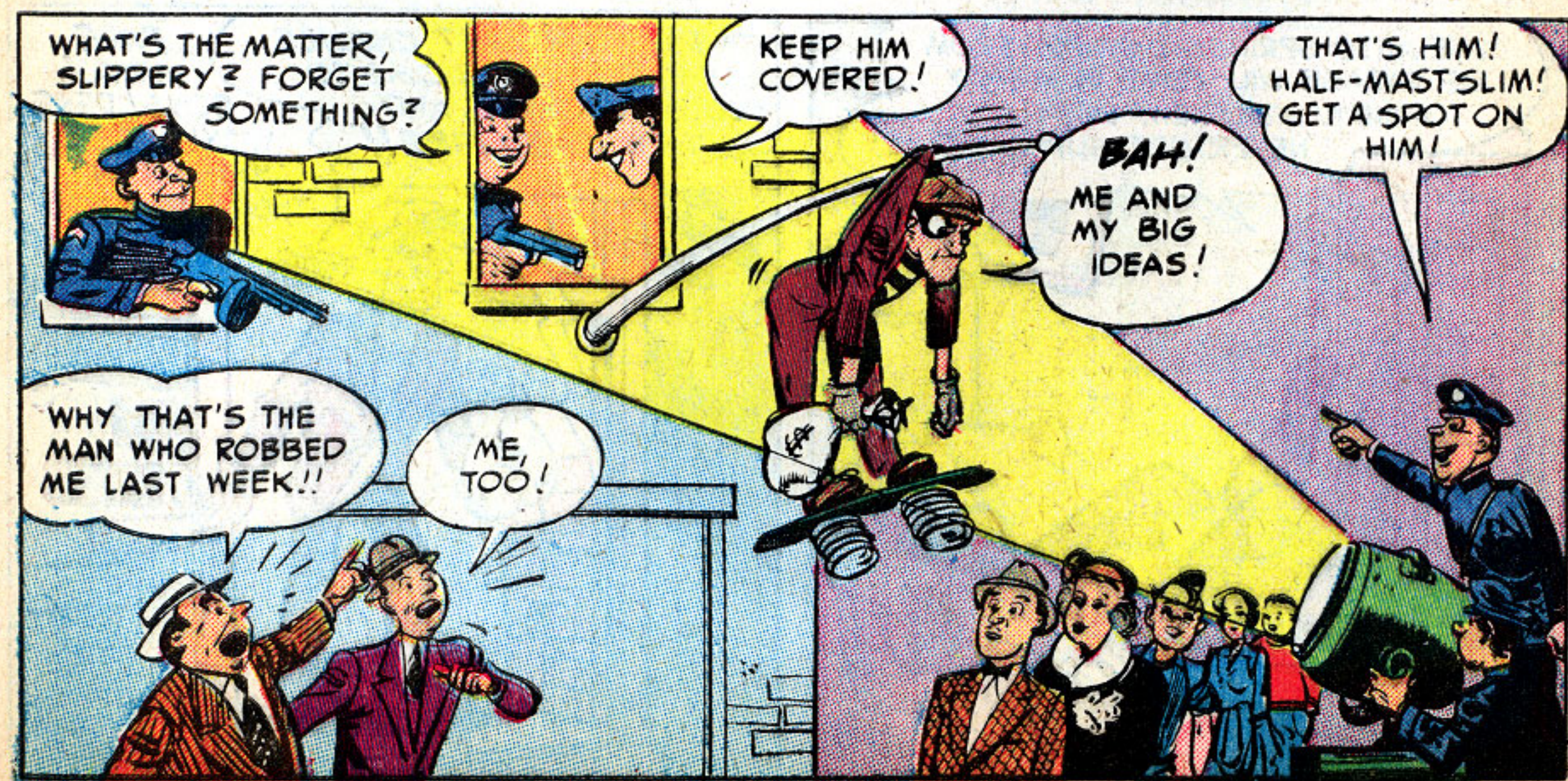
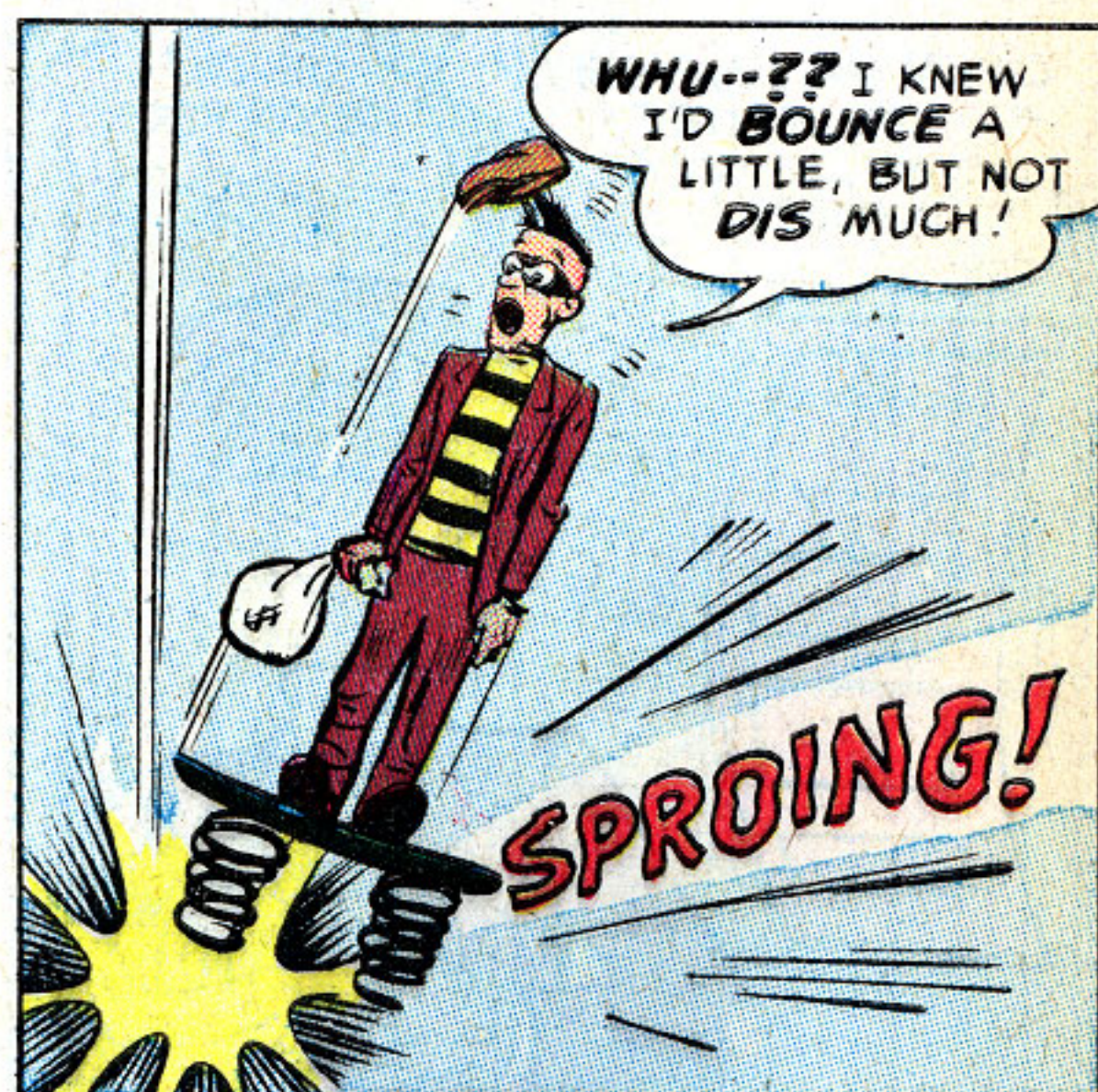
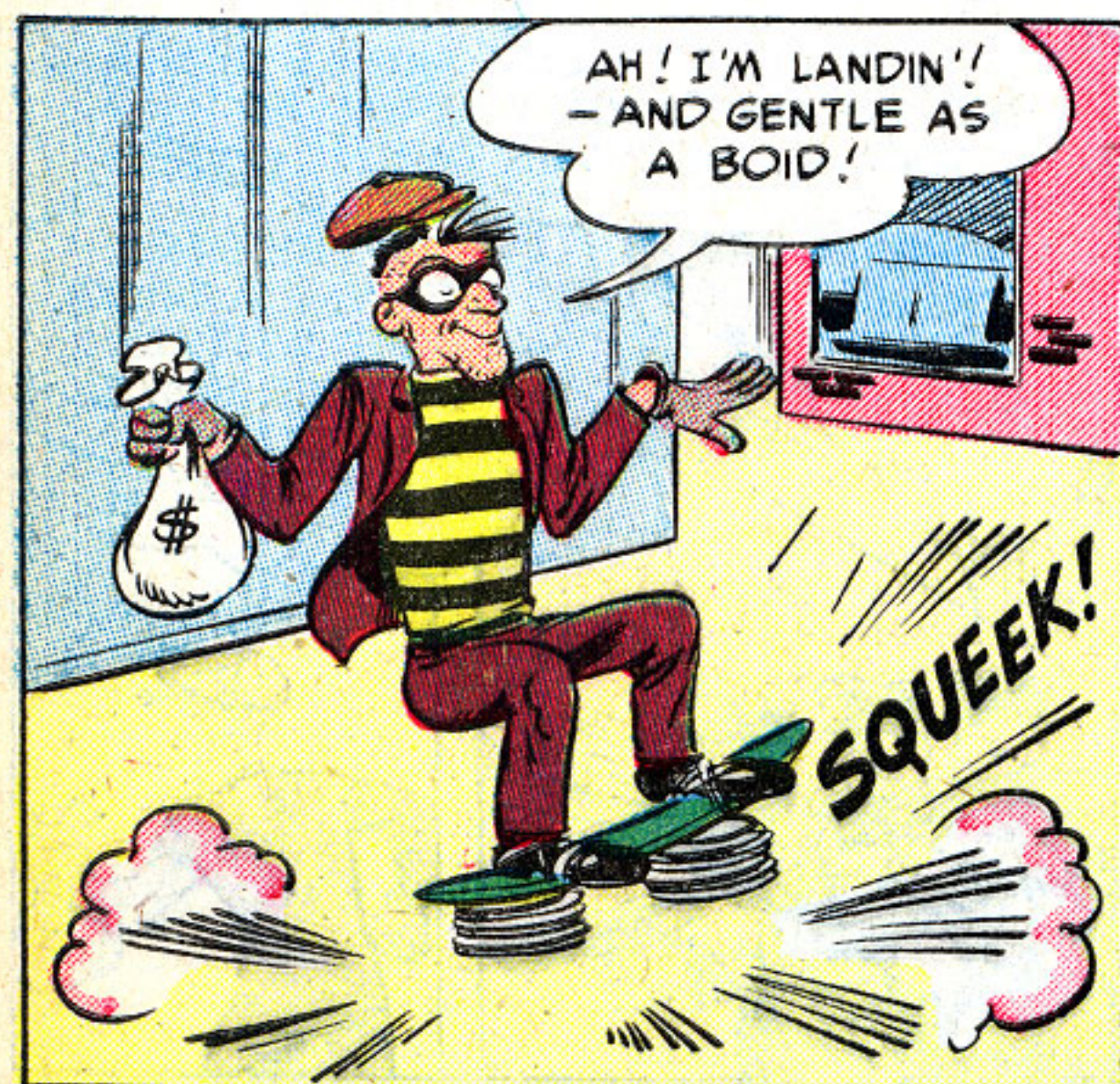
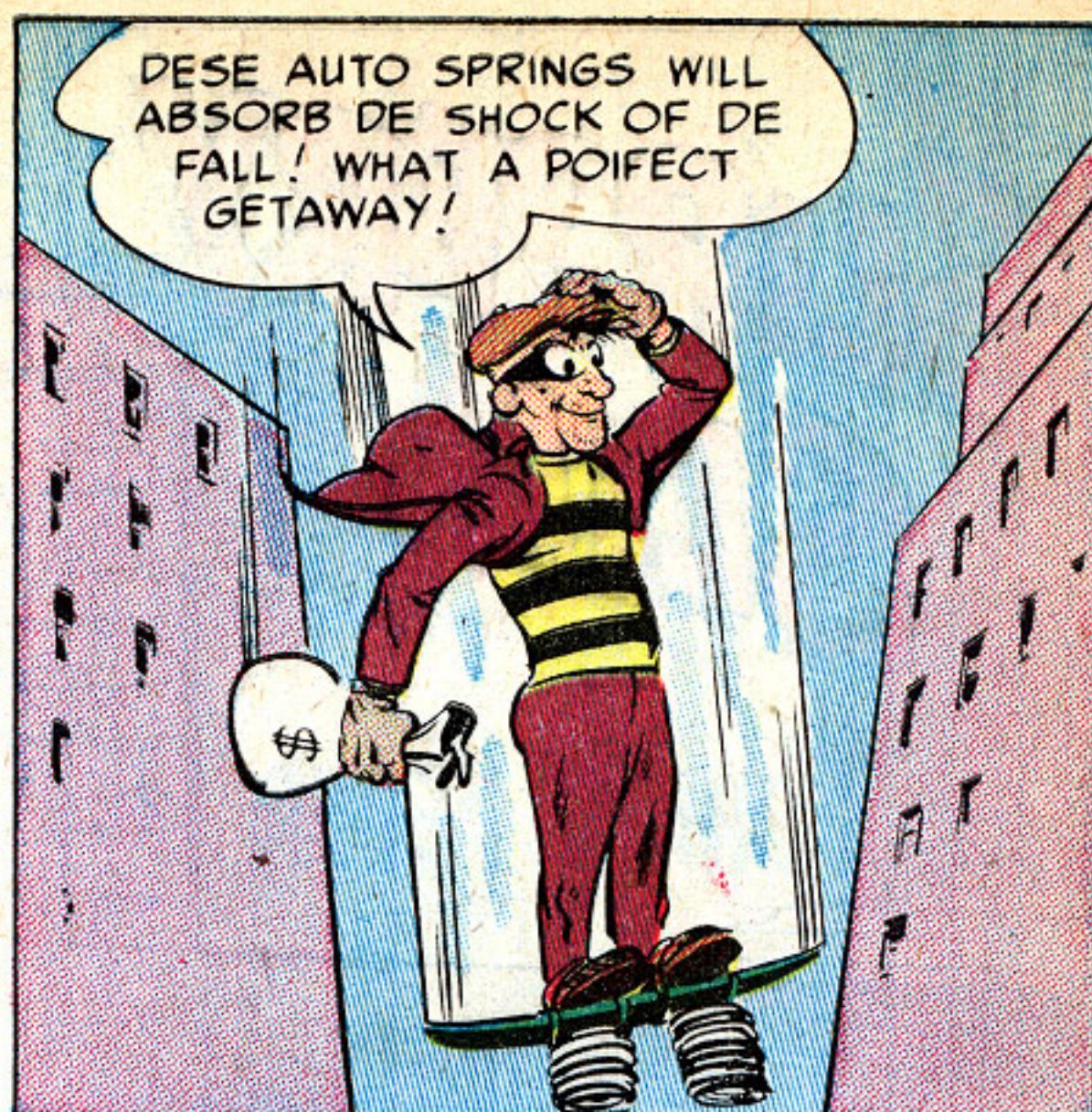
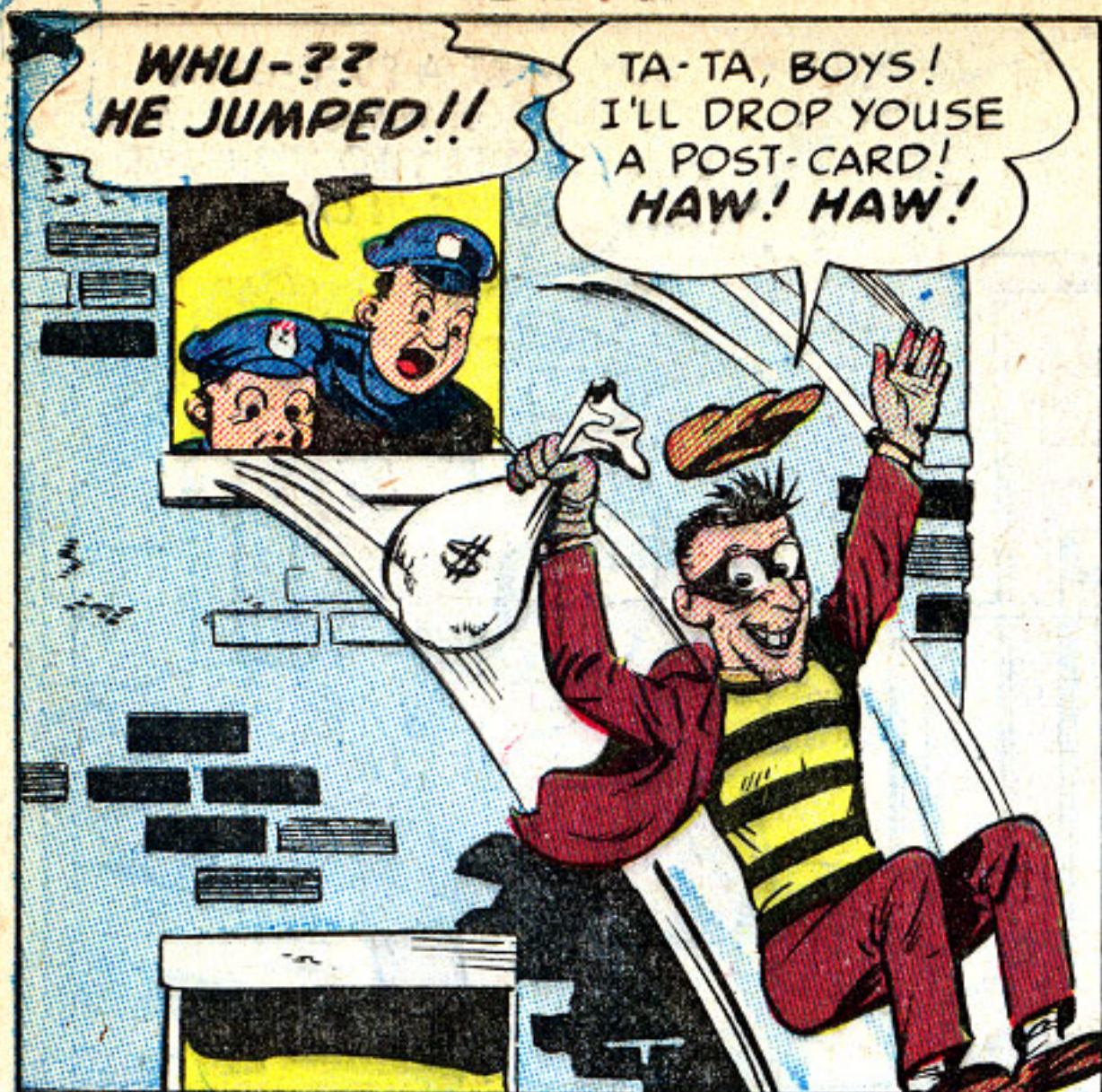
DESE AUTO SPRINGS. I SWIPED FROM
DE GARAGE WILL COME IN MIGHTY
HANDY! HEH! HEH! DEY'LL
NEVER GET SLIPPERY SLIM!



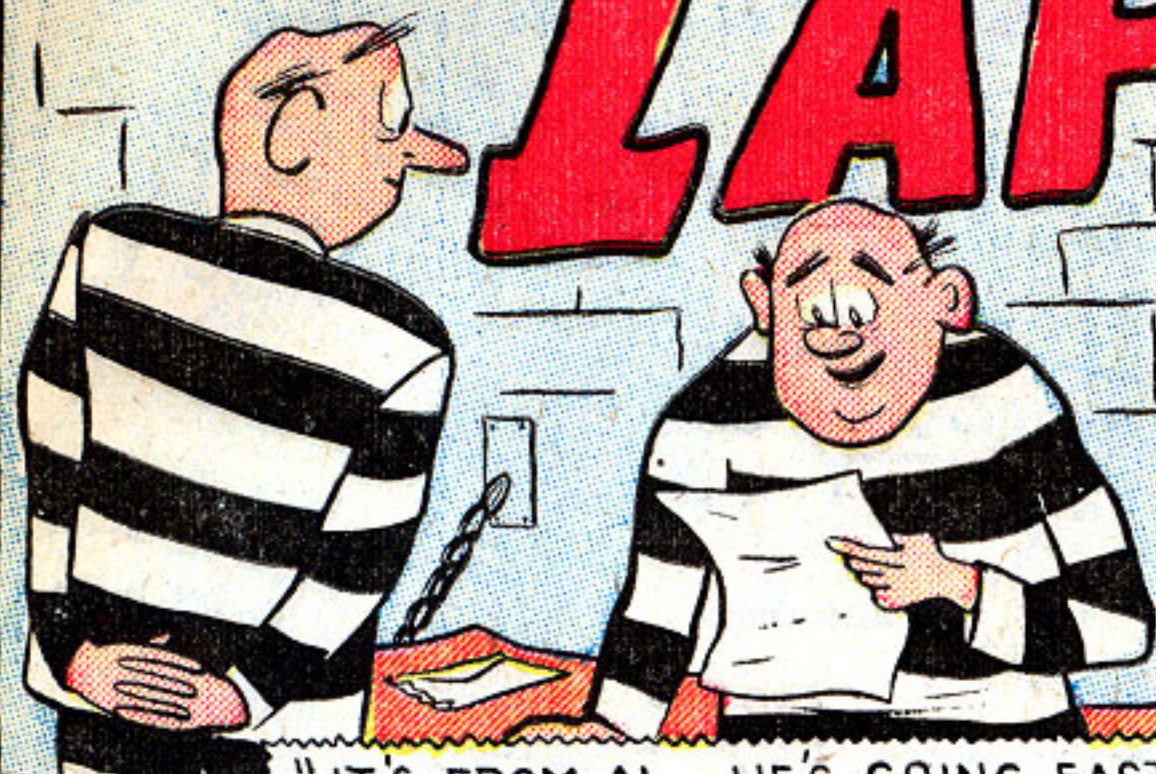
THIS IS YOUR **LAST CHANCE**,
SLIPPERY! WE'RE GOING TO
COUNT TO THREE, AND
THEN **OPEN FIRE!!**

**FIRE
AWAY,**
BOYS! DERE
WON'T BE
ANYTHING IN
THERE FOR YOU
TO HIT!

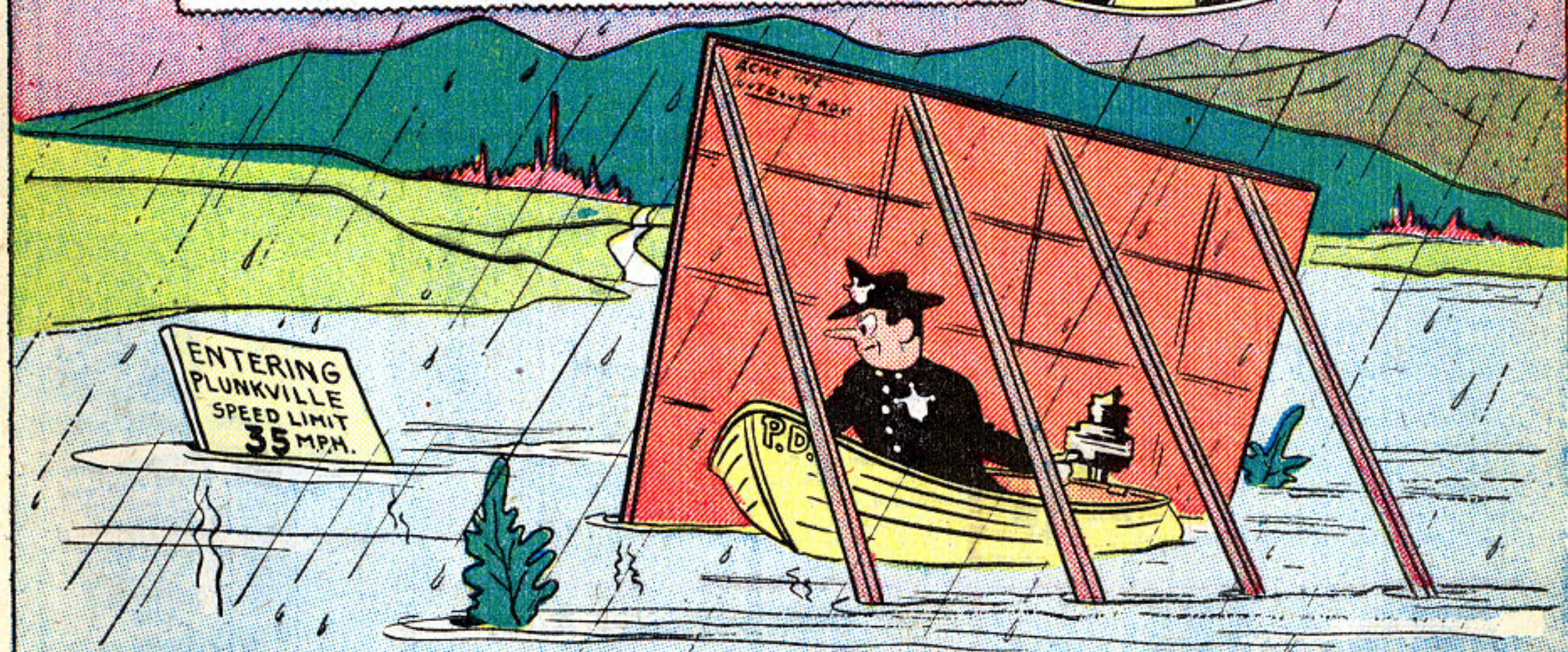
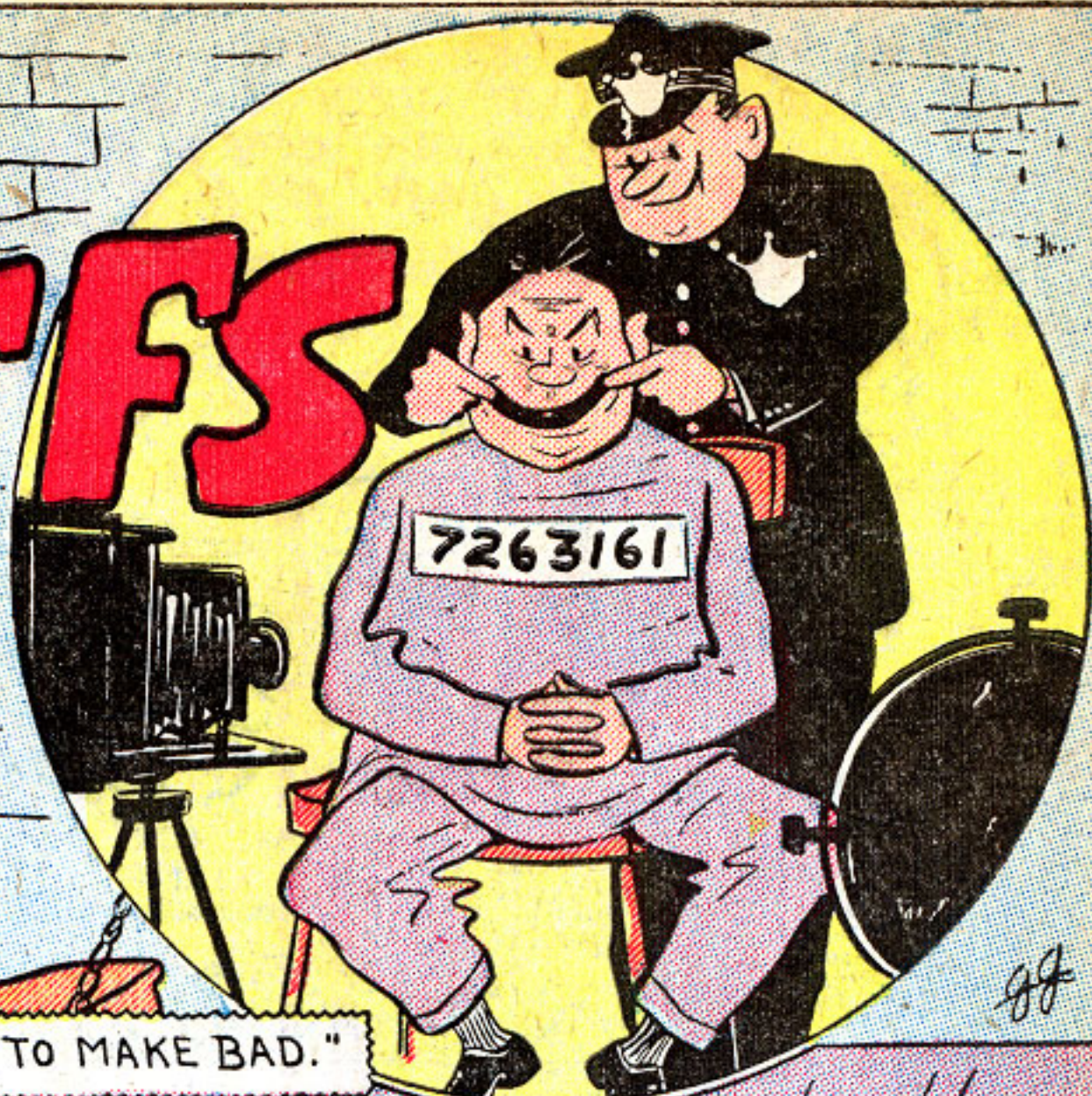




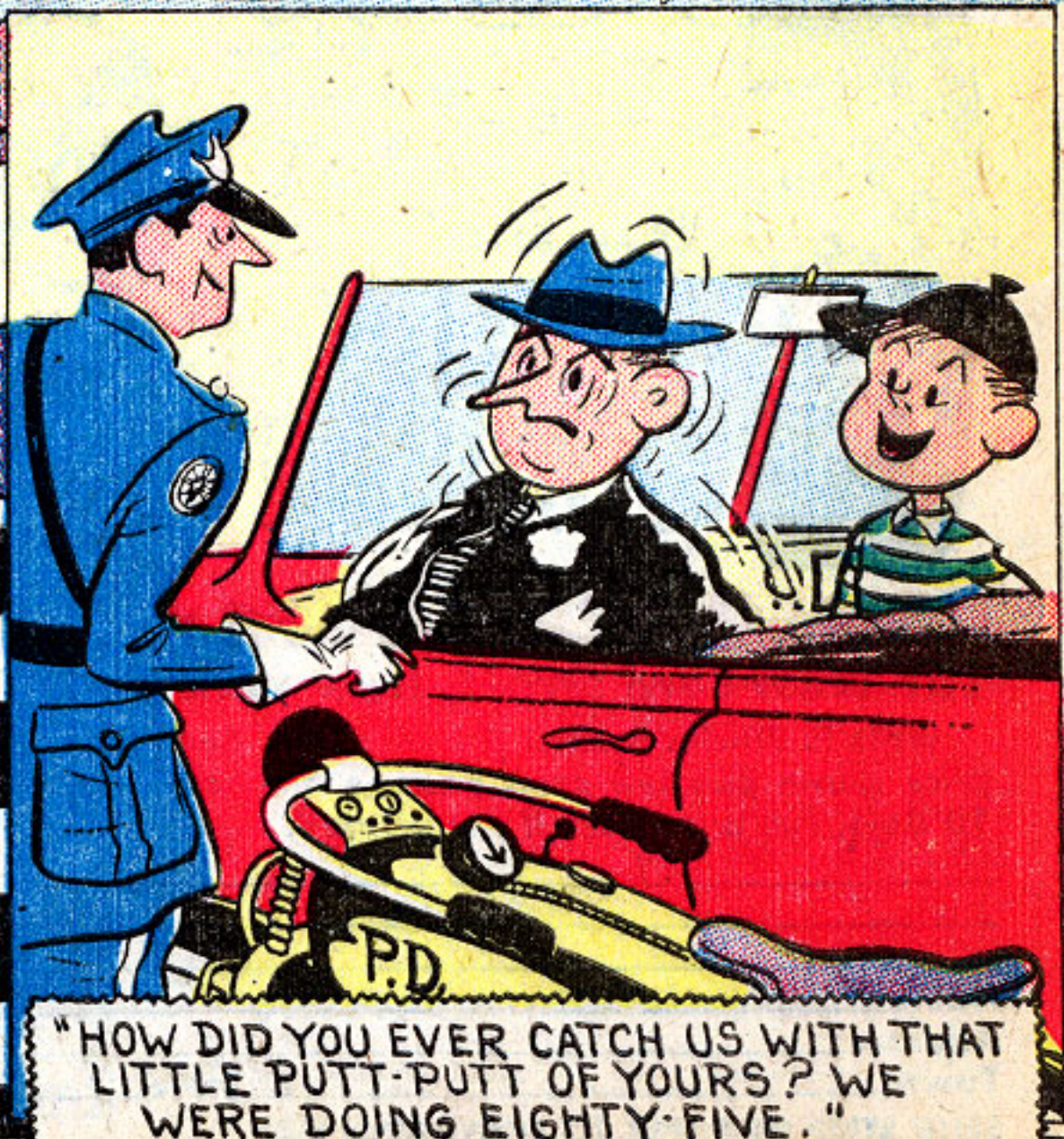
LAW LAFFS



"IT'S FROM AL, HE'S GOING EAST TO MAKE BAD."



"YOUR MOLL SENT IT. DID YOU ASK FOR A STEEL FILE?"



"HOW DID YOU EVER CATCH US WITH THAT LITTLE PUTT-PUTT OF YOURS? WE WERE DOING EIGHTY-FIVE."

Amazing Values!

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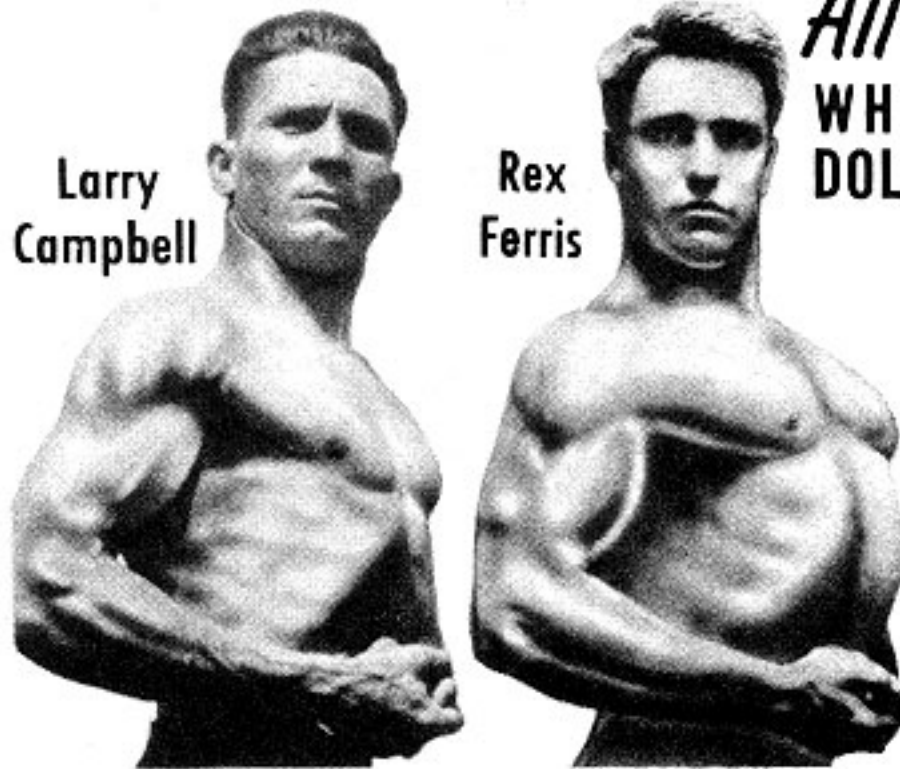
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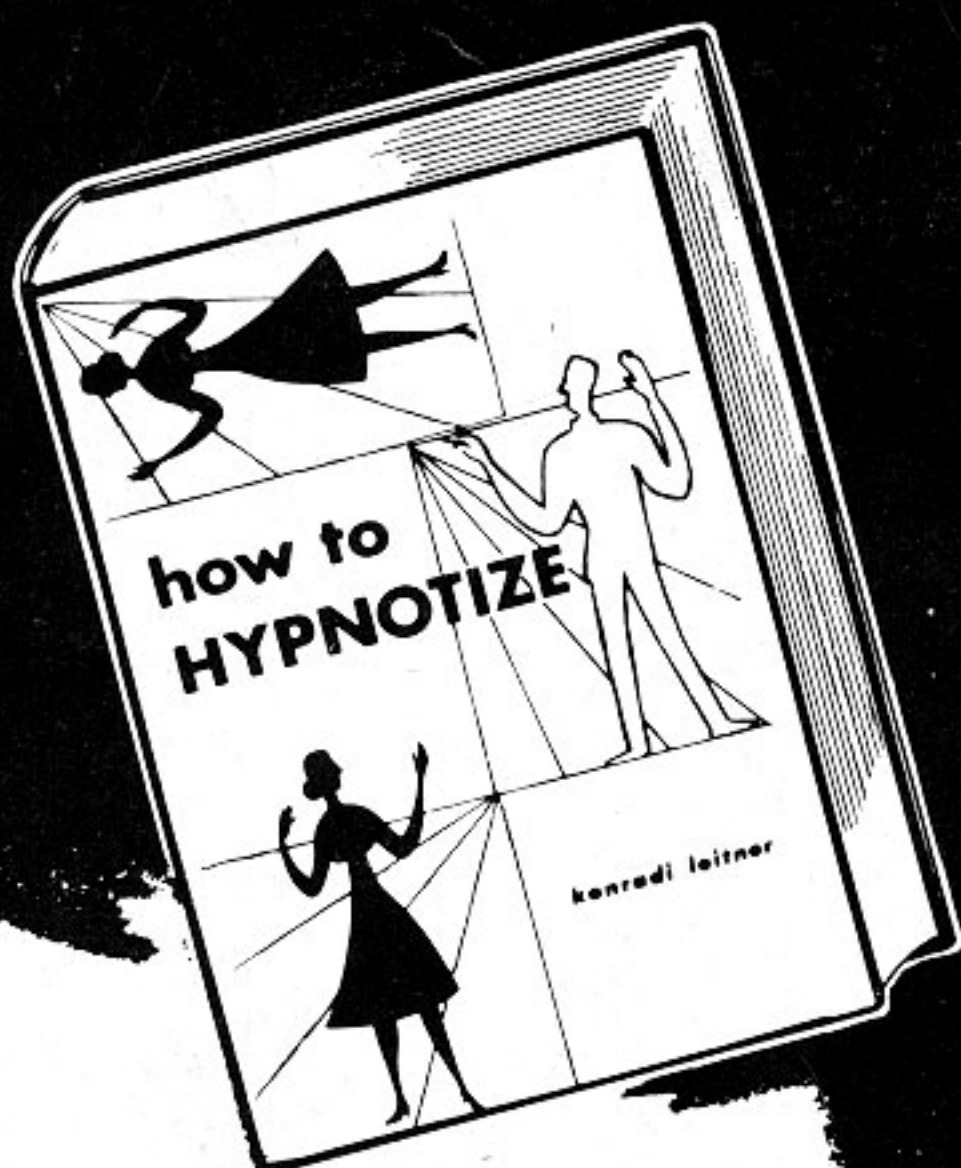
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